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NOVEMBER 1958. VOL. XI. NO. 5

Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1
3s. per number (USA and Canada 75c). Postage per copy: Inland 6d., Foreign 4½d.
Yearly subscription (including postage) £2: USA and Canada $7.50: India 12 rupees
US and Canadian subscriptions may be entered at British Publications Inc
30 East 60th Street New York 22. Second class mail privileges
authorised at New York, N.Y.

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Stuart Hampshire

"Doctor Zhivago"

As from a lost culture

THAT *Doctor Zhivago* is one of the great novels of the last fifty years, and the most important work of literature that has appeared since the war, seems to me certain, even when every allowance has been made for the circumstances of its appearance and the effect that this may have upon one's judgment.

The immediate enthusiasm with which it has been received here is not in the least surprising and is no ground for suspicion. This enthusiasm is, I think, quite unconnected with politics in the narrow sense and with Communism, or with any sentimental sympathy with the author's frustrations. The explanation is that, at first reading, a Western European is immediately reminded of all that is best in his own past, of the great tradition of full statement, which he had come to think no contemporary writer could now resume, because the extremes of violence and social change had made any real imaginative reconstruction of the recent past, any whole picture, seem impossible. We have come to take it for granted that the most serious art of our time must be fragmented art and indirect statement. There has for a long time seemed no possibility that anyone should have survived who, in the exercise of his genius, retained all the literary ambitions and philosophical culture of the last century. That it has happened is an extraordinary accident. It is as if in the general devastation one lane of communication with the past has been kept clear and open. Perhaps only a long isolation in a cultural desert could have produced this result, this slow maturing of a work that is independent of any distracting contemporary influences. The fact remains that part of the immediate excitement of the Western reader is a sense of escape and of nostalgia, of a return to the real or imaginary Golden Age when absolute assurance and uncontrived and confident gestures were still possible.

Doctor Zhivago is unlikely to have any great influence on the writing of novels in France, Britain, or America: it is too far away from the main stream and it has been too little affected by the experiments of the last thirty years. It really does seem to come from a lost culture, to be just coeval perhaps with Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, but certainly not with Faulkner and Sartre. This free, naïve, as opposed to sentimental, writing is probably not something that can be imitated or further developed, because the confidence in a complete philosophy, tested by revolution and violence, of which the naïveté is an expression, is probably everywhere lacking in the West. Pasternak is after all looking back in this novel and leaving his testimony, proved by his experience and final. Since his experience includes the Communist revolution, the looking back is not mere looking back. He has come to terms in his own mind with that way of life which has the most plausible and widely advertised claim to represent the future. In contrast with this, all the writers of the West are in an uncertain, waiting condition, becalmed in a recognised interregnum, not knowing the worst and therefore incapable of any tested, unqualified

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statement. It is not surprising, therefore, that they turn to satire or sentimental mannerism, to expressions either of despair or of uncertainty. The whole sum of our experience in forty years of violence cannot yet be calculated.

THE difficulty that this novel presents, after a first reading, is the difficulty that any carefully composed and long meditated work of art presents. It is naïve art, in Schiller's special sense of the word, but far from naïve, in the ordinary sense, in its composition. The other difficulty is of course the language. The English translation, as English, is certainly better than we are used to in translations from Russian, although the familiar jolts of incongruity do sometimes occur. It allows one to guess that the vocabulary of the original is rich and elaborate, particularly in descriptions of nature and in the dialogues of the poor. But not knowing the original is evidently an enormous loss, which cannot be mitigated. The whole book is informed by an intense feeling for everything that is distinctively Russian, by a characteristic kind of mystical patriotism, which is quite unlike the patriotism of the French or the English; the feeling of Russian landscape and Russian talk are evidently conveyed also in nuances of diction that will have deep associations for any Russian. The endless talk and the endless landscape are as much part of the substance of the novel as the revolution itself, as being the constantly changing background of the central story of love and separation. The vastness of the land, the snow, the episodes of calm and natural beauty after scenes of great violence and misery, are part of the story, which is arranged with a musical sense of fitness in the changes of mood. The whole truth about the experience of these years is to be built up gradually, and, partly for this reason, the first fifty pages of the novel are confused by the lack of a firm narrative. The reader is required to accept a series of impressions, not yet intelligibly related to each other, and a set of unexplained characters who are not clearly identified in his mind until much later. Pasternak does not even attempt the well-known virtues of the story-teller's art. He is writing a philosophical novel, a testimony of thought and experience, and not any kind of novel of character or of the fate of individuals. The villain is an abstract sketch of bourgeois corruption, and the story of his relations with the heroine is mere melodrama.

For this and other reasons any comparison between Pasternak and Tolstoy, either in intention or in effect, appears absurd from the very first page. One thinks of the swift, decisive beginning of *Anna Karenina*, the wonderful clarity and depth of the characters, and the impression left of the whole span of their lives lived in their natural circumstances. Not one of the characters in *Doctor Zhivago*, not even Zhivago himself, is endowed with this rounded naturalness nor are their lives steadily unfolded before the reader. The novel moves forward in short paragraphs and in short episodes, which are all related by strings of coincidence to the central figure; he and the heroine, Lara, together carry the whole weight of the story, as the picture is formed of the old society collapsing and of the new one forming in confusion and terror. If any single literary influence is to be mentioned, it seems to me that the most prominent is Shakespeare. The use of the wild dialogue of the characters of the under-plot, the short scenes that somehow, as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, suggest the great events across great distances, and, above all, in the suggestion of signs of the supernatural in the natural order. Pasternak's Russia can contain witches and metaphysical fools alongside images of ideal love escaping from corruption, in which the personalities and idiosyncrasies of the lovers and of the villain play no part. There is something Shakespearean, which I cannot now state clearly, in the sudden blending of the imagery and the philosophical reflections, in the affinities found between thought and natural appearances.

IT WOULD be very gross and very dishonest to interpret this novel as primarily a condemnation of Soviet Communism. About the

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author's intentions no mistake is possible, since, like Proust, he clearly explains his philosophy in all its divisions, of æsthetics, politics, and personal morality, both directly and in words attributed to his characters. The Soviet State is indeed condemned as a degeneration from the revolution, which was the moment of liberty and of the assertion of the forces of life. The revolution itself is represented as one of the few great events of human history, comparable with the overthrow of Roman power as the ancient world ended. The old régime is shown as corrupting personal life as deeply, if less violently, than the Soviet fanaticism that succeeds it. But ultimately political action and organisation are incidental to the most serious interests of men and women, which are to be found in the sources of art and of religion. These sources of renewal have been discovered, whenever a man achieves some heightened sense of his own part in the processes of life that makes his own death seem not a final waste. Men arrive at this deliverance and rest, when they have succeeded in communicating perfectly with one other person, giving the testimony of their own experience, either in love or in a work of art. The inconsolable people—Doctor Zhivago's wife and Lara's husband—are those who have never perfectly achieved this. This sense of the overwhelming need to communicate one's own individual experience, to add something distinctive to the always growing sum of the evidences of life, is the most moving theme of the book. The political cruelties, the crimes and errors of the Soviet system, are not made into grounds for final pessimism, and are certainly not the grounds for hopes of counter-revolution or of salvation from the West.

There are several long passages that read like a memory of the early writings of Hegel, particularly two in which Pasternak repeats Hegel's account of the historical rôle of Christianity in creating the modern man, who need no longer be either master or slave. For him Russia, the country in which people "talk as only Russians talk," is plainly the leading nation of this century, and, staying at home and somehow keeping alive the radical tradition of the Russian intelligentsia, he has written a work of universal significance, which offers hope and encouragement. The vindication of the freedom of art, and of private life lived on the appropriate human scale, does not appear in this novel as the conventional and now frigid liberalism of the West. There is no suggestion of nervous fence-building, of the shrill, defensive note of those who live within a stockade, trying not to notice the movements outside, by which they know that their fate is being decided.

Written in proud isolation, *Dr. Zhivago* will, I think, always be read as one of the most profound descriptions of love in the whole range of modern literature.

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W. H. Auden

Goodbye to the Mezzogiorno

Out of a gothic North, the pallid children
  Of a potato, beer-or-whiskey
Guilt culture, we behave like our fathers and come
  Southward into a sunburnt otherwhere

Of vineyards, baroque, *la bella figura*,
  To these feminine townships where men
Are males and siblings untrained in a ruthless
  Verbal in-fighting as it is taught

In protestant rectories upon drizzling
  Sunday afternoons, no more as unbathed
Barbarians out for gold, nor as profiteers
  Hot for Old Masters, but for plunder,

Nevertheless:—some believing *amore*
  Is better down south and much cheaper
(Which is doubtful), some persuaded exposure
  To strong sunlight is lethal to germs

(Which is patently false) and others, like me,
  In middle-age, hoping to twig from
What we are not what we might be next, a question
  The South seems never to raise. Perhaps

A tongue in which Nestor and Apemantus,
  Don Ottavio and Don Giovanni make
Equally beautiful sounds is unequipped
  To frame it, or perhaps in this heat

It is nonsense: the myth of an Open Road,
  Which runs past the orchard gate and beckons
Three brothers in turn to step out over the hills
  And far away, is an invention

Of a climate where it is a pleasure to walk
  And a landscape less populated
Than this one. Even so, to us it looks very odd
  Never to see an only child engrossed

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In a game it has made up, a pair of friends
  Poking fun in a private language,
Or a body sauntering by himself who is not
  Wanting, even as it perplexes

Our ears when cats are called *cat* and dogs either
  Lupo, Nero or *Bobby*. Their dining
Puts us to shame; we can only envy a people
  So frugal by nature it costs them

No effort not to guzzle and swill: yet (if I
  Read their faces rightly after ten years)
They are without hope. The Greeks used to call the Sun
  He-who-smites-from-afar and from here, where

Shadows are dagger-edged, the daily ocean blue,
  I can see what they meant: His unwinking
Outrageous eye laughs to scorn any notion
  Of change or escape and a silent

Ex-volcano, without a stream or a bird,
  Echoes that laugh. This could be a reason
Why they take the silencers off their Vespas,
  Turn their radios up to full volume,

And a minim saint can expect rockets—noise
  As a counter-magic, a way of saying
Boo to the Three Sisters: "Mortal we may be,
  But we are still here!"—might cause them to hanker

After proximities—in streets packed solid
  With human flesh, their souls feel immune
To all metaphysical threats. We are rather shocked
  But we need shocking: to accept space, to own

That surfaces need not be superficial,
  Nor gestures vulgar, cannot really
Be taught within earshot of running water
  Or in sight of a cloud. As pupils

We are not bad, but hopeless as tutors: Goethe
  Tapping homeric hexameters
On the shoulder-blade of a Roman girl, is
  (I wish it were someone else) the figure

Of all our stamp. No doubt he treated her well,
  But one would draw the line at calling
The Helena begotten on that occasion,
  Queen of his Second *Walpurgisnacht*,

Her baby: between those who mean by a life a
  Bildungsroman and those to whom living
Means to-be-visible-now, there yawns a gulf
  Embraces cannot bridge. If we try

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To "go southern", we spoil in no time, we go
  Flabby, cingily lecherous, and
Forget to pay bills: that no one has heard of them
  Taking the Pledge or turning to Yoga

Is a comforting thought—in that case, for all
  The spiritual loot we tuck away,
We do them no harm—and entitles us, I think,
  To one little scream at "*Per piacere*!"

Not two. Go I must, but I go grateful (even
  To a certain Monte) and invoking
My sacred meridian names, call *Leopardi*,
  Pirandello, *Verga*, *Bellini*,

To bless this region, its vintages and those
  Who call it home: though one cannot always
Remember exactly why one has been happy,
  There is no forgetting that one was.

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F. R. Allemann

The Permanent Crisis

Some bleak thoughts on the Middle East

THE recent Middle Eastern crisis, triggered off by the Iraqi *coup d'état*, highlighted by the American intervention in the Lebanon and the landing of British paratroopers in Jordan, is practically over. It took barely three weeks to stabilise what seemed a hopelessly anarchic situation. The Western "counter-revolution" against the new régime in Iraq, denounced in the Eastern press with overwhelming violence, found its end in the quick recognition of the government of "regicides" by all the interested powers. And it was the suave diplomat Robert Murphy, not American troops, who came to Baghdad.

But even the restraint and caution with which Washington handled the problem —a velvet hand in an iron glove, so to speak—can only temporarily avoid the acute, inevitable crisis. The neutralisation of the Lebanon may well succeed, because it is to a considerable extent called for by the very inner structure of the country. The Lebanon cannot engage itself internationally if its independence is to survive given the fact that it is such a remarkable conglomeration of ethnic and religious groups, by contrast with which Switzerland is a pure specimen of homogeneity. The ultimate cause of President Chamoun's undoing was that he acted in opposition to this basic truth. The only *raison d'être* of this wholly idiosyncratic state lies in the complicated game by which the various national and religious groupings balance and neutralise each other. A nation—and strange though it may sound, the Lebanon merits this appellation perhaps more than most of its Arab sister states—a nation whose nationality rests not on a sense of unity but of diversity, must avoid commitments that are repugnant to one of its components. The Lebanon cannot "choose the West" without antagonising the greater part of its Islamic population, and it cannot go pan-Arab without dangerously rousing the sense of inferiority of the Maronites and the other Christian denominations. The Lebanon's external security as much as its inner survival depends on a perpetual compromise.

But this is a local problem which only lies on the margin of the wider issue which the Middle East poses for world politics. One cannot but reproach the Americans for having failed for so long to sense the peculiarities of the Beirut situation. It was a sign of a remarkable lack of perspicacity not to dissuade President Chamoun from openly attaching himself to the Eisenhower doctrine, and even to acclaim his acceptance of this doctrine as a "success" for American policy—failing to see that Chamoun was acting contrary to the national interest of his own land, needlessly and without profit to anyone, not even himself. At present, the Americans are engaged in correcting this error, and that is all to the good. But just as one cannot treat the Lebanese problem as *the* Middle Eastern or even *the* Arab problem—it happens to be quite unique and lacks parallels anywhere—so also one cannot see the pacification that has taken place in the enclave between Syria

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and Israel as the overcoming of the permanent and structural disease of the Middle East, or even as the commencement of a cure.

IF ONE wishes to cope with that disease itself, and not merely with its symptoms, one must rid oneself of the comfortable clichés that are peddled in Europe and America by the *terrible simplificateurs* of all schools and leanings. Each of these clichés contradicts the other. In one, Nasser is the puppet of Moscow, or the resuscitated daemon of Berchtesgaden. For the other, he is the hero of Arab unity, embodying all the progressive forces of the Arab world, whilst his conservative, traditionalist, and more or less pro-Western opponents appear correspondingly black. These images have little connection with reality.

It simply is not true that every military conspiracy, every riot, every assassination in the Arab world is hatched in Cairo. Anyone with any knowledge of the East knows that political and social dynamite is so amply distributed that it needs no Egyptian (or Russian) agent to start an explosion. There were *coups d'état* in Iraq and disturbances in the Lebanon long before the present régime was in power on the Nile; and before there existed a United Arab Republic, the Hashemite thrones in Baghdad and Amman were already rather precarious seats. All that is known of the Iraqi military revolution shows that it is not an importation from the Nile, but home-grown in Mesopotamia (just as the seizure of power by the Young Officers in Egypt required no foreign Black Hand to guide and organise it). And even if one were to suppose that the United Nations observers in the Lebanon underestimated the extent of Syrian aid to the local rebels, it was still a mistake to suppose that the rebellion was called forth from Damascus and in reality constituted nothing but an "indirect aggression."

Nasser's policies do contain, however, more than a modest dose of adventure. The pressure he exercises, not merely against Jordan, but equally against his young Sudanese neighbours to the south, says as little for his friendly intentions as the support he provides for the opponents of all moderate Arab statesmen (such as Habib Bourguiba in Tunisia). Even though one can confidently deny that all Arab upheavals are initiated from Cairo, this is by no means to say that the United Arab Republic practises that policy of "non-intervention" which it commends to the West. One can state the simple fact that there are revolutionary forces in the Arab world which are in the pay neither of the Soviets nor of the Egyptian dictator, without at the same time overlooking the underground net which the present masters of Cairo seek to extend over the whole Near East, and which stretches from the Persian Gulf to Morocco and from Kurdistan to Black Africa. It takes ideological blinkers to deny that pan-Arabism of Nasser's variety contains an aggressive and expansionist element: on the other hand, it is the illusion of incorrigible romantics to suppose that all would be sweetness and light on the Afro-Asian land bridge, if only the lone ruler of the United Arabs were to cease contriving his dark plots.

The clichés concerning the internal and social policies of the Egyptian régime, which come so easily to European observers, are no less questionable. He who sees Nasser's young officers as a group of severe puritans, who ruthlessly made a clean sweep of "feudal corruption," is as far removed from reality as the latter-day follower of T. E. Lawrence who fancies a real, uncorrupted, traditional Arabism that might constitute a safe barrier against the rising revolutionary wave. Corruption in Egypt in no way disappeared with King Farouk, though the identity of those who profit from it has changed. The Hashemite régime in Iraq, a régime which one tends to write off to-day as having been thoroughly rotten, possessed at least as clean (and more efficient) an administration than does Egypt under its new masters.

IF ONE wishes to seek one's way through the morass of prejudice and half- or quarter-truths that make up a good part of public discussions of the Middle East, one

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has to get a good grasp of the phenomenon of Arab nationalism. This nationalism must, to begin with, be defined negatively: it is virulently xenophobic, filled with a truly pathological distrust of all traces of "colonialism" (and of anything that might be construed as connected with it, let alone as dependent on it). England and France, as carriers of the colonial tradition, bear the brunt of this distrust; and the United States is drawn into the circle of the enemies of Arab nationalism partly through its close association with London and Paris, and partly through the Middle Eastern interests of the oil companies. Hence the general xenophobia receives a specifically anti-Western slant.

All this is as much as to say that the spontaneous reactions of Arab nationalism already range it on the side of the Soviet Union. It is not just Western "mistakes" which drove Nasser into the arms of Khrushchev and which opened the Syrian régime to Communist infiltration before the unification with Egypt: those primitive forces that have released and activated the nationalist revolution are *fundamentally* anti-Western and at least to this extent emotionally pro-Soviet, in that they recognise or feel the Soviet Union to be the global opponent of the West. The masses, in as far as they are at all articulate and possess a political view—be it ever so primitive—of the world at large, require no directed propaganda to succumb to the Soviet myth (which in no way signifies that they are "Communist," any more than that they were "Nazis" when they placed their hopes on Hitler: it is often the very people who admired the Third Reich who to-day swear by Moscow). The manner in which this myth is conceived, believed, and propagated is essentially pre-ideological: the simple saying, which is particularly often quoted in the East, that "the enemy of my enemy is my friend," suffices to explain it, even if there is enough vague yearning for social reform to reinforce it.

Once all this is understood, it becomes clear, I think, how misguided Western policy was to base its action in the Middle East on attempts to incorporate the local states in its web of defensive alliances against the Soviet Union. The Middle Eastern diplomacy of Washington and London has been almost exclusively dominated (at least since the promulgation of the Truman doctrine) by prolonged attempts to force a defensive shield against Soviet expansion to the south, by persuading Egypt, Syria, and Iraq to become direct or indirect allies. These hopes could bring nothing but disillusionment. With the best will in the world, and the most flexible policy, the West still remains unable to offer Arab nationalism as much as the Kremlin. The best that could have been achieved would have been to neutralise the movement in some measure by utilising the reluctance within its leadership against an unconsidered identification with Moscow. Instead, a policy dictated almost exclusively by military strategic considerations has positively invited the Russians to turn the formula of "neutralism," so popular in the ex-colonial world, into an anti-Western weapon.

But Arab nationalism is not adequately defined by the negative characteristics of its general xenophobia, and its anti-Western resentment in particular. Its positive aims are indeed nebulous and escape precise definition. But the dynamism contained in the pan-Arab idea must not be underestimated. The dream of an Arab nation and empire "from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf," especially tempting to the Arab intelligentsia, is a significant spring of action and one of those ideas which (following Marx) become a "material force" when they "grip the masses." Historic memories of the power and glory of the Umayyad Khalifate affect not merely pan-Islamic strivings but even enter into the more modern, secular conceptions of an "Arab renaissance," as embodied in the Baath Party, founded by the Syrian Hourani and ideologically indebted to a somewhat ill-defined socialism. And it is significant that Baath had burst through state boundaries and taken roots in Jordan as well as in Iraq long before the party had become one of the chief instigators of the Egyptian-Syrian fusion.

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The real international problem of "Nasserism" springs from this pan-Arabism. The movement which has made of Cairo the new Mecca must necessarily be directed against the present political structures, since it aims at pulling down the frontiers which still parcel out the Arab realm. No existing state, but the hypothetical "Arab empire" which transcends and outshines them all and which its partisans see embodied in Nasser, is the object of this nationalism. This becomes intelligible if one remembers that the political boundaries themselves were products of "colonialism": it was Great Britain and France which created the present lands as "mandatory areas," when they divided up the Near Eastern heritage of the Ottoman Empire.

When Western powers proclaim the "independence of small countries" to be the aim of their policy, they merely try vainly to force Middle Eastern realities into conceptions which have evolved in European politics of the past few centuries. One cannot use notions such as "indirect aggression" to get at the truth of a situation in which the majority of the population see the "independence" which is to be internationally sanctioned as an externally-imposed and restrictive strait-jacket. The portraits of Nasser in revolutionary Baghdad (and even in pre-revolutionary Beirut) are a political reality which will not be conjured away by appeals to the inviolable sovereign rights of the individual states of the Middle East.

In such a situation it is at the very least dangerous, if not hopeless and hence unreasonable, for the West to set itself up as the protector of those individual political entities that resist the impulse towards Arab unity. It thus gets itself into the position of the Holy Alliance which resisted the striving for German and Italian unity. The London journalist who, in the *Observer*, opposed the current comparison of Nasser with Hitler by a parallel between Nasser and Garibaldi, had a finer historical sense than many of his colleagues, even though the Egyptian leader belongs to a different age and is a different, less agreeable type than the creator of modern Italy. The simple-minded formula to the effect that the West must "come to terms with Arab nationalism" is on the right lines at least to this extent.

But the principle of "canalising" Arab nationalism, rather than building fragile dams against it—this principle is far easier to preach than to practise. The midwifery performed by Britain at the birth of the Arab League does not invite emulation. And no concrete image emerges of what a "coming to terms" with Nasser signifies, excepting the idea of a "Middle Eastern Marshall plan" (itself not very specific), which would no doubt be useful but does not constitute a substitute for a policy. Can one seriously expect the West to present to the United Arab Republic, on a silver platter, not merely Jordan (an arguable proposition) but also the oil-sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf?

All this is to say: desirable though it is to find a *modus vivendi* with those forces which the West has hitherto attempted—ineffectively enough—to oppose, it is also unspeakably difficult. Western diplomacy, which after all is conducted by mere men and is at least in part determined by concrete interests that cannot be cleared from the board by mere declamatory gestures, faces an almost superhuman task—especially if one remembers the psychological burden under which it has to act in the Middle East: the need to act against that current of Arab mistrust and anti-Western resentment whose power one can hardly exaggerate.

But this is by no means the only dilemma which the West faces in its attempts to re-orient its Eastern policy. For one must remember that the Arabs, the Western powers, and the Soviets do not exhaust the factors to be taken into account in the Middle East. Those who wish to "come to terms" with Arab nationalism will not be able to avoid the problem arising out of the existence of the state of Israel.

One of the oddest aspects of the Middle Eastern crisis is the schizophrenia of those people (mainly at home on the political Left) who denounce the Western attitude to Nasser

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and Nasserism as a form of reactionary blindness, but who at the same time admire the magnificent Israeli achievement and let pass no opportunity to proclaim their solidarity with the Jewish state. This is a classical case of "compartmentalised thinking" in which either is invoked according to need, as if they had nothing to do with each other. But they happen to have a lot to do with each other. Arab nationalism—of all kinds—is passionately, uncompromisingly, and without nuances anti-Israeli. The view that there can be no peace in the Middle East so long as the Israeli "foreign body" is not removed from it, is one of the first and most undisputed items of its creed; Zionism and imperialism have become virtual synonyms for the Arabs, and the existence of a nation of colonisers on Palestine soil is felt by almost every Arab to be the last and most shameful manifestation of colonialism.

It is pointless to try and delude oneself that one could get past this deep enmity by offers of mediation, by persuasion, or by large-scale economic aid programmes. No Arab régime —and least of all a pan-Arab one—will consider itself satisfied so long as there exists an independent Israel. The touchstone for Cairo, Damascus, or Baghdad of any Western "coming to terms" with the emergent Arab forces lies in the Western willingness to throw Israel to the wolves. But it is precisely this criterion which can never be satisfied by the powers of the free world—for political, psychological, and moral reasons. They can try to keep the conflict within bounds and to mitigate its acuteness, as has been achieved by the presence of an United Nations expeditionary force on the Egyptian-Israeli demarcation line. They may succeed in preventing a new outbreak of hostilities by an unambiguous guarantee of Israel against Arab aggression, and of the Arab states against Israeli expansiveness. They can engage their economic power further in attempts to mitigate the lot of the Palestinian refugees (in as far as the Arab host states allow them). But they can neither abandon Israel nor hope to make friends with Nasser and his followers without doing so.

And this also indicates the limits of any "new policy" for the West in the Middle East. A very cautious and adaptable policy may be able to mitigate the crisis—and this only assuming that it is willing to accept, once and for all, the idea of Arab neutrality, and to rank political considerations above strategic ones. But no policy can hope to conjure the crisis out of existence. It will be with us for years and years to come.

Christmas Forethought

Somewhere in this issue you should find an order-card giving details of ENCOUNTER's Christmas Gift Offer. This enables you, at considerably reduced rates, to send subscriptions to your friends, relatives or business acquaintances anywhere in the world. If the card is missing, simply send the names and addresses of your friends (who should not, as far as you know, already be buying the magazine), with 17s. (six months) or 30s. (one year) for each, to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London S.W.1. American donors should send $3·00 or $6·00. Your gifts will start with the January issue (out just before Christmas) and an announcement card will be sent to each recipient.

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Frank Norman

What Happened Then

A Sequel to "Corrective Training"

I WALKED down the hill, with my paintings under one arm and a green canvas bag under the other (they had given me this to put my spare shirt and tooth brush in; they make them in the mailbag shop and almost every one gets one when they get discharged; the only trouble with them is they are a dead give away, because the law always recognises them, and know that you've just got out of the nick). As I walked I passed a couple of screws who were just going on duty; neither of them said a dicky-bird to me even though I had seen them every day for the last eighteen moon.

I felt very cold; because after wearing the nick clobber for a stretch my own clothes seemed to be as light as a feather. I reached the bottom of the hill where I was to get a bus to the station. The bus stop was bang outside the front gate to Parkhurst. As I waited the gate opened and some geezers came out with shovels and pick axes slung over their shoulders, they were an outside working party who were going off to dig ditches somewhere or other. As they walked past the place I was standing, some of them glanced at me; I smiled but it wasn't returned, then one geezer who was near the end of the line whispered out of the corner of his mouth, "I'll be getting out of here soon; I've only got another three year out of my fourteen." "Shut your mouth you!" shouted the screw who was in charge of them. I watched them until they disappeared round a corner.

A little while later a bus arrived and I got on it. As I settled my self in a seat the geezer who flogged the tickets came up to me. "What station do you want to go to?" he asked. I remember wondering "how does he know I want to go to a Railway Station" but he knew alright; maybe it was my white boat or perhaps it was the green canvas bag. I told him that I wanted to get to Ryde. "Well you get a train from Newport, that will be fourpence." I gave him one of the two tosheroons I had been given by the Chief Officer, he gave me my ticket and change and said, "You want to keep out of those places in the future." If looks could kill he would have fell down there and then; he did'nt wait for my reply, instead he had it away a bit lively.

I got on the train and as it was early morning, there wasn't all that many other people on it; in fact I had a carriage to myself. From Newport to Ryde is no distance at all so in no time I was standing on the deck of the ferry looking across the Solent. The Solent is only a few miles wide and I could see the houses all along the coast of the mainland, my excitement mounted with every second and I had a job stopping myself shedding a couple of more tears. I went down the bar and bought a cup of char and a packet of snout; my caser was dwindling rapidly and I only had 2/5d. left. I had given my railway warrant to the geezer in the ticket office at Newport and he had given me a ticket to London for it. I showed it to the ticket collector on the barrier at Portsmouth who punched a hole in it. I strolled

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down the platform and got on the train. In the carriage was a bird and two chaps. They clocked me as I got in but only for a second, and then went back to clocking the bird; I couldn't blame them for this because she was a young sort of about twenty and a little bit tasty. But like most birds of twenty she thought she was the guntz, and had her hooter stuck about four feet up in the air. To tell you the truth it wasn't all that long before I was clocking her as hard as any of the other geezers, in fact I couldn't take my minces off her, so in the death I got up and went to the restaurant car and had another cup of char. There was a geezer sitting at the same table as me. All-of-a-sudden he asked me if I had been on holiday. I gave him a dodgey look. "Yes I've been on holiday; a long holiday" I replied.

"Where abouts have you been?" he went on.

"On the Island." At this reply he began to look puzzled. "The Isle-Of-Wight." I went on seeing that he didn't know what I was rabitting about. He clocked the thick folder which had my paintings in it; I had laid it on the seat next to me.

"You an artist?" he asked.

"Not so as you'd notice" I replied.

"I hope you didn't mind me asking?" he went on.

"It's alright."

The train sped along, and I started to have a butchers out of the burnt at the countryside as it went flying by, after a while the geezer saw that I didn't want to know him so he got up and had it away, leaving me in peace.

AT LAST the train pulled into Victoria station, and I got off. I had been told that the first thing I must do when I arrived in London, was go and see the probation geezer at the Central After Care Assocation. I had told myself all along that this was the last thing I was going to do; in fact I didn't have any intention of going there at all. But in the death after giving the subject a little thought I decided that I had better because if I didn't they would put a "W" out for me within forty-eight hours. But it was nothing but a dirty great waste of time because all they did was give me a nicker and tell me to report to them in a months time. And give them a buzz on the blower as soon as I had found a gaff and a job.

"But I aint got no where to go" I said.

"Well the only thing for you to do," said the probation officer, "is to go to a doss house for a day or two until you can get yourself fixed up."

I didn't bother to argue with him, because from experience I knew that it was like talking to a brick wall. I left and started to walk the streets and began to wonder what I was going to do, and that is when I remembered a couple of friends from the old days. I didn't really want to bother them but I was bang in trouble, so I went round to their gaff in Camden Town. I told Perl & Bop (that is their names) the strength and they said that I could stay for a few days if I liked. This little bit of help was one of the turning points in my life, for if I had not had a friend who I could turn to in those first few days there is no telling what might have happend. Because although it may sound as though I am a nut-case, I would have rather gone back in the nick than kip in a doss house on my first night out. I have lived in doss houses before but that was when I was sixteen years old; I had also lived in them other times when I came out of the nick. But this time nothing would have induced me; nothing!

As it happened I only had to stay with Perl & Bop for one night because I had a bit of muzel the next day. I had a butchers round some of the notice boards and found a gaff first off. It wasn't all that of a mucher but it had a bed in it and that was enough for me, the landlord wasn't a bad geezer for a landlord so I went to the N.A.B. and got the first weeks rent and moved in there and then. The next thing of course was to get a job; this is a double big trouble with all the chaps when they come out of the nick. But once I had decided to get one it didn't matter so much that I was going to have a hard time getting it, because the law of averages say that if you try enough firms sooner or later you are bound to wind up

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getting something, in the death. And sure enough I did get one; it was about a week or so later, I had already tried Christ knows how many places without any luck; I had tried to get jobs as a dish-washer, shop assistant, labourer, and even a car salesman; and thats when this job turned up, I had just been after the job as a car salesman. I went back to the Labour Exchange with a little bit of the needle, saw the geezer behind the counter and told him that I was dead skint and also dead cheesed off and if I didn't get a job by the next day there would be a good chance that I would be in bother again; he gave me a dodgey look and then went away. He came back a few minutes later with a pile of cards in his hand; laying them down on the counter he started to have a butchers through them, after a bit he looked up and said that he had one as a van driver and I could go after that if I liked. And that's just what I did and what's more I got the job. Mind you I did have to give the governor of the firm a load of lies to get it; but I got it and that's all I cared about. The wages were eight pounds a week, when I got my first wage packet I got a real kick out of it in more ways than one, as I went out and got stinking drunk.

IT WAS during my second week out that I started to write. I was round Perl & Bop's gaff one night when all-of-a-sudden this geezer came in sat down in a corner and started to type away at a portable typewriter. Well one thing led to another and as usual when any one has a rabbit with me the subject got around to the nick and before I knew what had happened they had geed me up into writing an article about it. Well I hadn't got the first idea how to write anything what so ever, so I just sat down behind this typewriter and painfully tapped away for a couple of hours; any old how when I had finished it I showed it to Bop and also to the geezer with the typewriter; and both of them reckoned it was alright; in fact it was decided there and then that they were going to send it to a magazine. Well, about three weeks later a letter arrived from the editor of this magazine giving me a load of old moody about how good he thought it was, and why didn't I write a book. To begin with I copped a right deaf un to that because I thought the chances of me writing a book were about five hundred to one and that's only a guess.

Every time I saw Bop after that he asked me how this book (I wasn't writing) was getting on; so in the windup I got a battered old typewriter and went to graft on it. At first I still wasn't all that keen on the idea but in the death after a couple of weeks I was working like a good un; of course this was only in my spare time. Lately a load of people have asked me about my spelling and quite a lot of them think that it's all a right fit up, but you can stand on me for one thing and that is I am the world's worst speller, but I will say that I write so many words these days that I am getting a bit better, and of course another thing is I don't know all that much about grammar, but even so I some how managed to finish the book. It took me about nine months to do.*

During this time I had about five jobs all as a van driver. The trouble was I had'nt been driving for so long that I was'nt all that used to it, consequently I was for ever having smash ups of one kind and another, till in the death I got myself nicked for driving without due care; for which they could'nt have stuck me in the nick even if they wanted to, especially as it was a first offence. After this little incident I had to find myself another job; the question was what as. A van driver, what else!

ONE day I was introduced to a geezer who worked in a publishers office by the geezer who had the type writer, and the next thing any one knows is this geezer from the publishers asked me for a copy of my manuscript about the nick. So a day or two later I wrapped it up in a bit of brown paper stuck a stamp on it and put it in the post.

** In this article, the Editors have taken the liberty of cleaning up Mr. Norman's spelling, on the principle that enough is enough. We can testify, however, that it has improved.*

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Another thing I had been doing when ever I had the time was swagging my pictures around the galleries in the hope of getting an exhibition or some thing (little did I know what a hard job that was, but I soon found out). Every where I went I drew a blank, so in the death I wrote a letter to a load of furniture shops asking them if they would like to use some of my stuff for their displays. In my letter I told them that I was a young geezer who was just starting up in the painting racket, and that I had an exhibition the year before, I forgot to tell them where I had this exhibition and hoped that they wouldn't ask me. Any old how before I knew it I was getting replies to my letter from all over the place, asking me to bring a sample of my work along for them to have a butchers at. And now when I walk past some furniture shops I get quite a kick out of seeing some of my pictures hanging in the burnt. Mind you even this was'nt a doddle because one day I was walking along Tottenham Court Road when all-of-a-sudden two geezers came up to me.

"Excuse me, sir," said one of them, "I'm a police officer."

Ho no! I thought, not again!

"What do you want?" I asked, beginning to look double sus; because if there is one thing I don't look when some bogy chats me up, that's innocent!

"Where did you get the paintings from?" went on this C.I.D. rozzer. In the old days I would have very likely told him to go and take a jump at himself, but not any more.

"I done them myself" I replied.

They both smiled at each other as much as to say, I was giving them the old moody. "My life, governor; I did them myself!" I went on hurriedly.

They looked at each other again and I could see that they still did'nt believe me. "If I don't watch it I'm going to get nicked down to larking" I thought.

"Alright lets have a look at them" asked one of them in a sarcastic tone of voice.

"Look I told you they belong to me, so why don't you leave off?"

I was beginning to do my nut.

"Look here if you don't show them to us now, we will have to take you in and have a look at them." I could see that they were beginning to get the dead needle to me. So what could I do? I put the pictures down on the deck and started to untie them. I had them well done up with bits of string and newspaper, so it took me quite a while to get them undone; but the passersby enjoyed it immensely so I'm glad that some one had a nice time. When at last I had got them undone the two rozzers had a butchers at them, they were abstracts and I could see from the expression on the coppers boat-races that they didn't have the first sus what they were all about, of course the truth was they were'nt about anything.

After they and the passers by had had a good look at them, they told me that I could go, but I could tell that they did'nt really want to let me go at all, but what could they do, imagine what the inspector would have said if they had nicked me, for being in possession of painting that I had done myself. Mind you I can see their point really, about the abstract gear I mean. Anyway they did a skarper and left me to it; there I was surrounded by a load of pictures and quite a few members of the public. It did occur to me that I could stick them up against the wall and pass the hat round, but I did'nt because I would have very likely have got nicked for that too. That was the first and last time I have been pulled by the law since I have been out; maybe I don't look quite so sus these days.

THERE is some thing I should have mentioned before but I forgot so I will mention it now, and that is the question of civilian grub after eating nick gear for over a two stretch. The first thing you think you are going to do when you get out of the nick is get yourself a dirty great nosh up some where, of eggs and bacon and all that stuff. Well I am no different to any one else so I went into a kayf and ordered a double egg bacon and chips. The waiter brought it and stuck it down in

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front of me. I just could'nt eat it, in fact the smell was enough to turn my guts over. I tried very hard but it was'nt any good, so the only thing to do was push it aside reluctantly, pay for it and leave. Mind you I'm happy to say that this state of affairs does'nt last all that long, because after a week or two I was right back in the swing, and had forgotten that I had ever been away.

As I have already said I had to report the first day I got out, the fact is I had to report every month for a year, because when you get Corrective Training you don't get any remission and are only released on licence and can be recalled at any time by the prison commissioners, that is if you don't do everything they tell you to do. So I did everything they told me double well. I think I am one of their blue eyed boys (but please don't tell anybody.) It was a right doodle really because all I had to do was give them a buzz on the blower once a month and tell them that everything was alright, and that I was still living at the same address and still working for the same firm; or if I changed either of them I had to tell them that too. Now although all this sounds all very charming and nice, and may even look as though they are keeping their minces well on every one, that just is'nt the case at all. It's nothing but a load of old nonsense, for if I had wanted to I could have got any one to ring up and say that they were me; all they would have to say was, they were doing fine and give the geezer a little bit of moody. So there you are it's all nothing but a dirty great farce. When I had finished the stretch licence I went and saw the probation geezer I was under, it was only about the fourth time I had ever seen him. He was very proud of me!

Now and then I meet some of the chaps I was in the nick with, some of them I go out of my way to see; and others I go out of my way not to see! But you know how it is the people you don't want to see are the ones that you never leave off running into, I remember one day, I was walking along Oxford Street when all-of-a-sudden some geezer came up to me and said "Whatcha Frankie, how ya going?" Well I have found that this approach usually means that they are going to con you out of some thing if they get the chance, so the best thing is not to give them the chance. I clocked this geezer and his boat was vaguely familiar although I could'nt have put a name to it in a million years. He saw that I did'nt recognise him.

"Don't you remember me?" He went on. "I was in the peter next to you in Wandsworth."

"I beg your pardon," I replied.

"Come off it you must remember me; me names Fred!"

"I think you must have me mixed up with some one else." I went on with my hooter stuck up in the air.

But this geezer was'nt going to have none of that; so just like always with geezers you don't want to know he started to get the dead needle. "What's the matter with yer don't yer want to know any of your old pals any more. . . ."

"If your a pal of mine then I don't know nothing about it." I interrupted. With that I turned round and walked away leaving him standing there with his north and south hanging open. I realise that this is not all that much of a nice thing to do to some geezer who you have met in the nick, but unless you want your conversations to cost you a cows the best thing to do is cop a deaf un. The "chaps" that I go out of my way to see, I will not say too much about but let it be enough to say that they are some of the best people I have ever met in my life. How do they feel about me? Well they think that if I am mug enough to go straight well thats my look out.

For quite a long time I did'nt hear a dicky bird from the geezer in the publishers, and to tell you the honest truth I did'nt have all that much confidence, because after all I do write a bit peculiar to say the least. Well I was'nt a bad judge because as he told me some months later he was having a right job persuading the rest of the mob in the firm that my gear was any good, some of the readers and people liked it, but some of the others did'nt. Still he said that

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he would keep on trying, and while he was, I kept on driving vans all over the place. And so the time went by.

After I had been out about half a stretch I decided that it was about time I did a skarper out of this little gaff I was living in and try to find myself some where a little bit bigger. But like every one else who lives in furnished gaffs the trouble was where could I get one (without any petty restrictions.) Well once again I had a bit of luck because I rang up a pal of mine and he told me that he was moving out of his place, and suggested that I came along and have a butchers at it, so I went along and I got the gaff. Here I found that I could work in peace at my paintings and also do a little writing, as a matter of fact I have turned out a couple of dozen pictures since I have lived here. (All of which I find myself stuck with.) The thing about this house is it is full of a load of nut cases, all of whom are either painting or writing and quite a lot of them are right pound notes. But I seem to get along with them alright, and I think they have quite an effect on me one way and another. But I wont go any further into their lives, because in the first place I still live here and in the second place I would like to go on living here.

New Years Eve I went down a club up West, just to have a butchers around and see what was buzzing. As I walked in I saw a couple of geezers who I had known from way back and they offered to buy me a drink. Any old how I was just drinking this drink when all-of-a-sudden the door man came over to me and started to sort me out. I realise that no one is going to believe this, I had done nothing what ever wrong, not one single thing! But it might help if I tell you that this geezer is a right nut case and as punchy as a bulldog; and loved to give any one a kicking who he thought did'nt have all that much chance of giving him one back, so as I was saying he started to sort me out. Well I did'nt take no notice of him as I thought he was only larking about; but he kept on till in the death I turned round to him and asked him what was the matter with him. In reply to this he smashed me straight on the end of my hooter with his fist, this was a great surprise to me and before I got a chance to recover he gave me another one, so in the words of the poet. I did'nt have no chance! The two geezers I had been drinking with jumped on his back, and stopped him from tuning me up any further; in fact this was the end of this one sided battle. The next day I went back down this club, with plasters stuck all over my boat, I went down there with the intention of seeing the governor, and getting some sort of retribution because not only had I got a broken face but I had also got claret all over my rain coat, and if he did'nt pay for it to be cleaned I had decided that I was going to call the law. But of course this was only wishful thinking because the chances of me going anywhere near a cop-shop on any pretexts what ever are nonexistent. As soon as I got to the bottom of the stairs the governor came up to me and started to give me all the old moody about how sorry he was, and added that if there was anything he could do to make amends he would do his best. I replied that I wanted some compensation and that if I did'nt get it.... Well in the death he asked me how much I wanted; and after a load more uming and areing he gave me a jacks.

When I told the chaps about my settling for a jacks, they said that I must be a right nut case, because if I had sued I would have got a bomb. But when I explained that they would have had to appear in court as witness on my behalf, the subject was dropped, and everyone said that they thought that a jacks was better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick (or words to that effect.)

ONE day I got a letter from this geezer in the publishers racket, in it he told me that he had sold part of my book to some magazine called ENCOUNTER; at the time I had never heard of it, but it was'nt all that long before I knew more than enough about it, for I had a letter from Irving Kristol saying that they would very much like to publish extracts amounting to about seven

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to ten thousand words. Well naturally this was a great surprise to me, because quite apart from anything else my spelling is real murder. But sure enough about a month later there I was in print. I got quite a kick out of this because it was the first thing that I have ever done in my life that was a success.

One day I got a buzz on the blower from Stephen Spender asking me to come out to lunch and that he would like me to meet Mr. Raymond Chandler. This in itself I considered a great honour, but during lunch we had a rabbit about this and that, and in the wind up Mr. Chandler asked me if I would let him read a copy of my manuscript. Well this put the frighteners on me a bit but I said that I would. When we had finished lunch we came out of the kayf and got into a cab and he said that he would like to be dropped off at his hotel, as he got out of the cab at his hotel he clocked me and said. "Come and have a drink with me some time; *I have'nt torn you to pieces enough yet.*" He added a smile to this which made me feel a bit better. I gave him the MS about a week later, and a week after that he got me on the blower and asked me if I would mind if he wrote a foreword to my book. I can't remember what I said in reply to this, I think I was a little dumbfounded. During this time I had also signed a contract with Secker and Warburg; and all being well the book should be out right about now.

I have met a lot of people in the last few months and have made a lot of friends; to whom I owe a great deal, and I have even started on another book. Will it be published? We shall see what we shall see.

Roy Fuller

Rape by a Centaur

Girls fight like fiends in paintings to defend
Themselves from centaurs: envious, outraged,
We never think (our feelings too engaged)
The crisis through to its surprising end
When the sad, baffled beast with clumsy hooves
Paws impotently at the delicate
And now relenting limbs. So Hercules,
Whose lovely wife the centaur Nessus got,
Should not have loosed at him the angry shot
That stained the shirt that brought the hero's fate.

I do not know what this conclusion proves
Unless it is that honest lust will freeze
To piteous art, and subtle jealousy
Must poison needlessly what has to be.

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LETTER FROM ROME

Vatican Report

Robert Neville

For the professional journalist, the Vatican is a most unsatisfactory assignment. There is news, and lots of it, all right, in those few acres in the centre of Rome, but it is almost impossible to get at. The basic concept of gathering and printing news for no other reason than that people ought to know what's going on is neither understood nor appreciated by the Vatican, which grants only grudging recognition of the perquisites of the Fourth Estate, and then proceeds to treat the working correspondent with both contempt and suspicion. The fundamental right to ask questions or seek explanations is denied readily, if not always rudely.

Just as the correspondent in the U.S.S.R. must spend his days reading between the lines of *Pravda,* so the Rome correspondent finds himself trying to translate into readable sentences the incredibly turgid prose of *L'Osservatore Romano.* A correspondent in Rome can, of course, manage to witness up close such commanding events as proclamations of new dogmas or the sanctifications of new saints—just as his opposite number in Moscow can usually wangle a good ticket for the May Day parade. But to arrange, let us say, for an interview with Cardinal Nicola Canali, in charge of the Vatican's treasury, would be every bit as difficult as to have an informative chat with Mr. Khrushchev's Minister of Finance, whoever he may currently be. Moreover, whereas the Russians at least go through the motions, for what it's worth, of publishing a budget, the Vatican spurns modern accounting.

The Vatican is by nature extraordinarily secretive, but this accounts only in part for the fact that it is also probably the most underreported important spot in the Western world to-day. A large part of the fault for this sad state of affairs lies with the press itself, especially the American press, which is passionately interested in the Vatican but not always in the truth about it. However much breast-beating they may do about freedom of the press, American newspapers have not put up much of a fight against the pressure of organised minorities. Especially, they have become so intimidated by Catholic groups that to hint nowadays in print that the Vatican has other interests besides pure theology, that the Pope's time is not entirely consumed in prayer, that (horror of horrors) cliques and rivalries and even intrigues exist within the sacred precincts of Vatican City, is to risk being accused of blasphemy and, worse, eventually being boycotted. Curiously enough, the only press in the Western world which often dares to suggest that the Vatican has some worldly interests, and that the men of the Vatican are of flesh and blood, is that of Italy. The Italians alone seem to understand that the Pope's infallibility covers only faith and morals, and in any event does not extend to the acts of his inferiors.

Aware of the limitations placed on their work, most newspapermen assigned to Rome proceed to concentrate either on the purely religious or the purely trivial. Even to do this means running into some very special problems. No correspondent can go strolling into an office of the Holy See and start asking questions, and not even the most aggressive reporter in Rome would dream of picking up the telephone and trying to get a responsible Vatican official on the wire. Yes, the Vatican has what *it* calls a press office, but which no newspaperman would recognise as such. About all that this office seems to do is to issue occasional mimeograph copies of Papal speeches, generally hours after their delivery. Occasionally also it hands out a ticket. For other more substantial bits and pieces of information other arrangements are in order, and it is here that over the years there has evolved a tawdry system of Vatican informers, also called, euphemistically, stringers.

A Vatican stringer may be just about anyone. He may be a strategically placed functionary, clerical or lay, of the Secretariat of State, which is the largest and most active of the Roman

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Curia's five departmental offices. He may be one of the editors of *L'Osservatore Romano*, that curious semi-official organ of the Vatican which specialises in a kind of masterful double-write, the key to the understanding of which is held by only a handful of privileged souls.* He could even be one of the five or six men whom the Holy Father calls upon, from time to time, for early drafts of his many speeches. (The Papal talks have been averaging one every third day these past few years). More likely yet, the stringer may be one of the employees of the mistakenly named Press Office; the fact that these employees also hire out as informers may account for their reluctance to perform in the Press Office for free. Or, finally, the Vatican stringer may be somebody like the late Monsignor Enrico Pucci, a privileged character whose activities over the years inside the Vatican made him both rich and notorious. It was Pucci who sold to three different news agencies three different "inside" stories about the Italian-Vatican negotiations for the Lateran Treaty. (All three Pucci versions turned out to be quite wrong.) It was also one of Pucci's famous news-gathering gangs which managed, through the use of simple signals, to smuggle out minutes before the official announcement the news of the election of Eugenio Pacelli to the Papacy.

About the only indispensable qualification for a stringer is that he have the run of the Vatican, that he be able to get inside the Bronze Gate when occasion demands. This does not mean, however, that the stringer can be depended on to do any spying. Perish the very thought! Before accepting the job of stringer for a mere secular news office the applicant must first obtain clearance from his superiors, who are clerics. This is generally fairly easy. Vatican salaries are at such bare subsistence levels that any attempt to augment them is regarded sympathetically. At the same time that permission is granted, however, it is made quite plain that the stringer's first and last loyalty belongs to the Holy See and that he can be expected to provide only such tidbits of news and information as the Vatican authorities deign proper, which is usually precious little. There is to be no unauthorised poking about odd places within the Vatican premises.

In short, the Rome bureaus of various news agencies and newspapers find themselves in the ridiculous position of paying the Vatican's own employees to gather for them what amounts to the Vatican's own propaganda.

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* Cardinal Eugene Tisserant, when being interviewed by a young reporter several years ago, was asked whether he read *L'Osservatore Romano*. He replied: "Good God, No! Why should I?"

Most Vatican stringers receive a monthly fee ranging up to 20,000 lire or around ten guineas, depending on the work they do. Very often a stringer will serve simultaneously four or five newspapers or agencies; in at least one case a stringer was known to have been working for fourteen separate Rome news offices at the same time. Ordinarily the Vatican stringer works only over the telephone; he almost never is called upon to use his typewriter. The stringer is expected, of course, to inform his office about the comings and goings of the Pope, about whom the Pope is receiving, and more or less what His Holiness says in his frequent talks. Such information is usually also found, the next day, in *L'Osservatore Romano*, but the stringer can sometimes supply additional details or "colour" in advance for local papers. If, for example, the plumbers of Indianapolis were to be received in audience one of these days (as well they may be) the Associated Press would very probably want its stringer to supply a couple of extra facts about them for the Indianapolis papers.

The stringer is mainly expected, however, to be something of a guide for the news offices through the incredibly complex and very outdated labyrinths of religious administration. The average news correspondent, upon arrival in Rome, scarcely knows the difference between a rite and a doctrine, a heresy or an error, between an ordinary church and a basilica, or between, let's say, Vatican State and the Holy See. He certainly has not been aware of the fact that the Holy See is composed, apart from the Pope himself, of some twelve different sacred congregations, three apostolic tribunals, and five departmental offices, which exercise legislative, judicial and executive power over church affairs. Few newsmen would know, before coming to Rome, that it is the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office which judges heresies and puts books on the Index, while it is before the Congregation of Rites that the lengthy and tedious business of making a saint takes place. The Church's maze of holy orders—180 male and 1,150 female—is also baffling, and it takes a bit of tutoring before one can distinguish between, let's say, a Jesuit and a Dominican, or a Benedictine and a Franciscan, or delineate the functions of the so-called Black Pope, who is General of the Jesuit order, and those of the Red Pope, who is the prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith.

The Vatican stringer system is also used to help answer the many queries which the Rome bureau of any newspaper or news agency invariably receives. Editors seem obsessed by a passion for completely insignificant detail and are fascinated by the Graustarkian qualities of the Papal State. They ask about the

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various guards units inside the Vatican (there are four separate sets of Guards) and in particular how many Swiss Guards there are (only 87 at this writing), and what each receives a month (about £25). They want to know how many rooms there are in the Apostolic Palaces (around 4,000), how many times a year the Pope descends into St. Peter's (around three times), how much money in salary and expense account a cardinal of the Roman Curia gets (about £2,200 annually). One bureau in Rome was once asked to find out how many eggs the 300 New Hampshire hens of the 135-acre Papal estate at Castel Gandolfo lay a day and how many litres of milk the forty Papal cows of Frisian breed give during the height of the summer. There's scarcely a bureau in Rome which has not been queried about the well-equipped bar in St. Peter's which Americans, but not Italians, find odd for a church. One editor of an American picture magazine has had a standing order to his Rome bureau for some years now to try and photograph the Vatican's "props department," reasoning that since the Vatican puts on periodically the greatest shows on earth, with frequent changes of costume if not scenery, it must have an interesting storage room for the props. But one of the immutable rules of the Vatican is that no outsiders can ever be allowed even one furtive glance backstage.

In recent years, with the emphasis on photography and with the entry of television into journalistic competition, the news agencies, newspapers, magazines, and television bureaus have all put on their payrolls highly placed officers of the various guards units of the Vatican, the idea being, quite naturally, that these military men, who normally police the piazza, can secure a good vantage point from which to photograph the big events in St. Peter's Square. To get permission to take one's camera and equipment *inside* the basilica, however, is a tricky and complicated business, requiring patient negotiations, generally with the clerics, who are much tougher than the soldiers to deal with. There are several ways of getting inside St. Peter's with a camera, but the final permission is almost always facilitated by the presentation of a fairly good sized cheque to a Vatican charity approved by Cardinal Canali, who among other jobs holds that of head of the Pontifical Commission for the Government of Vatican State.

A good spot within St. Peter's for one of the big newsmaking convocations, like a consistory or a beatification, may cost up to $200, depending on how wealthy the donor is and how near the post is to the altar. Permission to do a special photographic job like, let's say, taking the Michelangelo frescoes in the Sistine Chapel or the Pinturecchio paintings in the Borgia apartments can cost, again in donations to the right charities, several thousands of dollars plus all sorts of other favours, such as the right to use all the unused transparencies. Naturally, too, the photographing outfit must pay for all the scaffolding, must foot the bill for extra lighting, and must pay for extra guards during the off hours. A few years ago *Life* magazine forked out, for example, a cool $15,000 for permission to photograph the latest result of the diggings in the grottos below St. Peter's, including the spot then believed to be St. Peter's own tomb. Approximately the same sum was paid by the Italian weekly magazine *Oggi* to a Jesuit-run outfit called "Movement for a Better World" in return for specially posed pictures of the Pope, together with matching text, to illustrate the latest vision of the Holy Father. This was quite a news scoop, incidentally; arrangements for news coverage of the Vatican do not generally involve, as this one obviously must have, the Pope himself. The major trouble with all these arrangements, as *Life* and *Oggi* have since discovered, is that there is no assurance, once the money has been paid out, that one has really bought exclusive rights. The same permission to do the same thing may easily have been sold to other agencies at the same time.

Outside photographers are rarely permitted at Papal audiences. The right to photograph the Holy Father and those being received by him is the exclusive prerogative of the official pontifical photographer, Luigi Felici, the latest representative of a once humble Roman family which has specialised in pictures of Popes as well as other clergy for 110 years. His is a most lucrative monopoly. Although some of his competitors think Felici is not the world's greatest photographer, what matters is the fact that the Holy Father is more than satisfied with him. Not only does the present Felici sell pictures by the thousands to all the faithful received by the Holy Father, but he also services all the agencies, newspapers, and magazines. Felici is, moreover, usually to be found in the middle of every photographic deal at the Vatican, including the big one of *Oggi* involving the Pope's visions. Many picture agencies, knowing that Felici has the run of the Vatican, pay good money merely for the privilege of assigning one of their men to act as Felici's assistant.

But to return to the question of textual coverage. One huge spectre haunts all Rome newspapermen: namely, the dread that the Pope will become fatally ill and that they will be caught unprepared for the nightmare that follows. The end of a Papal reign is, for the

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correspondents, an ordeal involving impossible deadlines, lots of first and second guessing, much playing of hunches and, finally, various deals under, above, and around the table.*

Actually, a change of occupant of St. Peter's Throne entails not one big story but rather three big stories which stretch over a period of not less than six weeks. First, there is the actual death which, if preceded by a long illness, is in itself a trial for the covering correspondent. During the death watch the Vatican literally seethes with rumours, all unconfirmable. A last-minute operation has been scheduled, new X-rays are being taken, the Pope has had a heart attack, extreme unction has been given to the Holy Father, the Pope is dying, the Pope has really died but the announcement is being delayed. There is no spokesman to deny or confirm anything. A casual remark overheard by an eavesdropping servant is soon translated into headlines in New York. All there is to go by is the briefest of medical bulletins issued hours earlier by a committee of doctors who, it is gossiped, disagree with, distrust, and even hate each other. In this ceaseless propagation of rumours, often neatly timed to make the latest editions, one suspects the dark hand of those Vatican stringers who are paid on space. In fact, this correspondent remembers being in a popular Roman restaurant one evening in 1954, in the company of a particularly knowledgeable Roman who pointed out to him a group of diners and explained: "They are all Vatican stringers. They are making merry tonight because they have all cleaned up on the Pope's recent illness."

The second big story is the election of a new Pope by a conclave of the Sacred College of Cardinals, also a most complicated rumour-producing affair. Indeed, Rome's favourite indoor pastime, as a pontificate nears its end, is to make a book on who might get the triple tiara next time. Just about everybody, day labourers, bank clerks, trattoria waiters, and university professors plays this engaging game. One old Roman saying has it that "he who enters the conclave a Pope comes out a cardinal," which is another way of hinting to beware of favourites, that the dark horse almost always wins. The judicious correspondent's list of *papabili* should therefore include some long shots. A proper candidate for the Papacy should be neither too young nor too old. The right age for a new Pope seems to be in his late fifties or early sixties, not so young that he will outlive all his colleagues and therefore not give them another crack at the Papacy, and still not so old that another expensive and bothersome conclave will be necessary too soon. In all probability the next Pope will be an Italian, just like the last forty-two of St. Peter's successors, although here the present prognosticator should probably hedge a bit. For the first time in history there is now a non-Italian majority in the College of Cardinals (38 foreigners against 17 Italians) and it's always fun to ruminate on what might happen if, for example, an American should gain St. Peter's Chair.

Speculations about the outcome of a conclave can continue, of course, right up to the time that the balloting in the Sistine Chapel begins, but after that a Rome news bureau chief, especially if he happens to be in the highly competitive and murderous business of running a news agency, with its emphasis on seconds and minutes, will feel happier if he has someone inside the Vatican, preferably a high official, prepared to signal to him in some pre-arranged manner the minute that the balloting has had positive results. True, during the conclave the Vatican is supposed to be sealed tight, but of course no curtain can be lowered around the place. There is nothing to prevent one from looking into the Vatican from a strategically placed balcony and there is still less to prevent one inside the Vatican from looking out during those fateful hours. If a Mgr. Pucci two decades ago was able by means of a crude system of hand signals to smuggle out the news of Pius XII's election to the Papacy minutes before it was announced from the loggia of St. Peter's, enterprising newspapermen in Rome now suspect they can do it the next time, too, certainly with the aid of some fancy palm-greasing, abetted also perhaps by scientific instruments like the walkie-talkie. At any rate, almost any expedient and the payment of even an exorbitant fee would apparently justify a half-hour beat on the election of a new Pope.

The third great story is the coronation, an unforgettable spectacle to describe which the journalistic witness can for once pull out all the stops. Adjectives are about all that are needed to cover the new sovereign's assumption of the triple tiara, symbolising the Pope's sovereignty over the church militant, the church penitent, and the church triumphant.

The end of one Papal reign and the beginning of another are covered extravagantly. What is barely covered at all is the reign itself.

AT THIS late date there can surely be no argument of the Vatican's political and social importance, leaving aside the purely religious aspects. The postwar rôles of the great

* Most of Rome's present corps of correspondents went through a sort of dress-rehearsal for this event three years ago when Pius XII became critically ill, remained so for several weeks, and then gradually recovered.

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Catholic parties of Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, and Holland constitute sufficient evidence that here is more than a vague and intangible force at work. Additional evidence of the Church's temporal power can be found in the greatly increased Catholic influence over education, news, media, and entertainment even in a Protestant country like the United States. Despite Stalin's celebrated and cynical crack about the Pope's lack of armed divisions, there can surely be no doubt that he is an exceedingly important person.

Granted its weight, then, it follows that what the men who direct this force are like, how they react to given situations, what their relations to each other are, what their thinking is on various subjects—that all this constitutes news in the purest and highest sense of the word. And, still, the sad truth is that outside of four or five ranking journalists, mostly Italian, plus perhaps four or five diplomats of varied nationalities who have been stationed at Rome for the past eight or ten years, there is almost nobody who has the most elementary grasp of what goes on inside the Vatican.*

One chief difficulty in following events in the Vatican is that everything moves at such a snail's pace. The prevailing attitude is that the Church has been around for hundreds of years, will doubtless continue to be around for hundreds of years more, and that it is consequently rather indecent to make prompt or clear decisions about anything. Another related difficulty in understanding the Vatican is the calculated subtlety of its moves. There must be no vulgar display of authority. Nothing that can possibly be done indirectly is ever done directly. A Papal audience that lasts five minutes beyond the allotted time, a casual sentence in a letter from the head of one of the sacred congregations, an unexpected appointment to a minor post, a failure to extend congratulations on one's birthday—these are the kind of gentle ways used to make Vatican policy known. A few years ago, for example, a casual sentence dropped in a Papal speech about obstetrics was the chosen medium for hinting to Dr. Vittorio Veronese, then chief of Catholic Action, that he should resign and allow the more dynamic Dr. Luigi Gedda to take over. Or take the recent nomination of the late Cardinal Stritch, of Chicago, to be Pro-Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith and thus the first American cardinal of the Roman Curia. This appointment, it soon became apparent to those following Vatican moves, was the Pope's subtle manner of ending the long-established primacy among American prelates of New York's archbishop-cardinal, Francis J. Spellman. It also turned out to be the Pope's way of ameliorating, if not resolving, a serious quarrel which had developed between Cardinal Spellman and Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.

ONLY a day-by-day watch over the years of the things he does and the way he does them can give any real clue to what kind of person a Pope is. Consider the case of Eugenio Pacelli, who has been Pope now for nineteen years, which is beginning to be a rather long pontificate, approaching the classic twenty-five years of St. Peter's reign. The basic outline of his life has, of course, been told and re-told and it would be superfluous to tell it here again; a few pertinent, albeit not necessarily connected, facts about him might, however, be repeated with profit in this space.

Pacelli was born and raised in Rome, from which it can be assumed that he comes naturally by his sophisticated, slightly cynical attitude toward men and events. The Romans have long been noted for their ability to combine great respect for the office of the Papacy with great cynicism about the men who hold these offices. Pius XII has turned the tables on the Romans; he has great respect for humanity at the same time that he isn't fooled for one minute about its weakness. Rarely has the Throne of St. Peter's been occupied by a more tolerant, more understanding man.

Pius XII must be one of the few Popes never to have attended a seminary, never to have been a parish priest, and never to have filled a bishopric. Rather, the future Pope, almost immediately upon graduating from the Gregorian University, entered the Vatican Secretariat of State and remained there in one capacity or another, first as a minutante (secretary-researcher), then as a Papal Nuncio, and finally as Secretary of State, until elected Pope in 1939. It is almost as if a man were to join the diplomatic service of the United States or Great Britain, work his way up through the ranks of the State Department to Cabinet rank and end by being elected President or named Prime Minister. In many ways Pacelli still betrays the bureaucratic habits of the civil servant. There must be no undue hurrying. He insists that things must go through their proper channels. There is a meticulous crossing of the t's and dotting of the i's. The Pope

* The two books written about the Vatican by Roger Peyrefitte, the Church's bad boy, perhaps need some mention here. Peyrefitte certainly managed to get inside the Vatican as no other writer ever has, but the results have not been completely felicitous. While his most recent book, on the Knights of Malta, was a magnificent job of reporting and probably substantially true, his earlier *Keys of St. Peter's* picked up and used without too much discrimination all the malicious gossip one hears in Rome.

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has been so exacting in small ways that he has never found and consequently never named a Secretary of State. He has been his own Secretary throughout the years.

Not that Pacelli stayed in Rome all during his long Vatican Secretariat career. Rather, in one capacity or another, he travelled far and wide over the entire Occident, including North and South America. In particular, Pacelli spent many fruitful years as Papal Nuncio to Germany, where he seems to have enlarged his range of interests and experiences. Pacelli's best language, outside of Italian, is German. (He also speaks good French, accented English, some Portuguese). His favourite music is Mendelssohn. His favourite topic of conversation is German politics. The Pope's private household is, indeed, more German than Italian. His private secretary is a German Jesuit; so is his confessor. The group of nuns who attend to the Holy Father are also Germans, being headed by the well-known Sister Pasqualina, whom the irreverent Romans sometimes call the "Papessa."* Sister Pasqualina has been with the Holy Father for forty years, in the course of which she has assuredly assumed a few dictatorial airs about the management of the Pope's quarters. Sister Pasqualina also acts as the Pope's nurse, when he is ill, and she administers the Pope's private charity. She is certainly influential in some matters, but the idea that she has a say even in questions of dogma and doctrine, as gossip has it, and as has been repeated in Roger Peyrefitte's celebrated book *The Keys of St. Peter's*, is very wide of the mark. Sister Pasqualina is an intelligent, efficient, important aide of the Pope—period.

It can hardly be surprising that after a lifetime of diplomacy Pacelli as Pope should remain the diplomat. Pacelli's predecessor, Pius XI, was an uncompromising unyielding Pontiff who during the last days of his Pontificate was given to vigorous denunciations, *urbi et orbi*. Pius XII, on the other hand, prefers the inoffensive note in chancellery, written in a fine hand, with words especially chosen for their soft effect. The Pope will haggle hours with his collaborators to find the right word. Pius XI, had he survived the war, would probably have been tempted to lead the church into an active, heroic martyrdom in an Eastern Europe over-run by Communism. Pacelli, instead, believes that the Church's primary mission is to facilitate religious practice for the weak, who are in a majority, rather than to create an atmosphere for heroes, who would be in a minority. Pius XI's policy would doubtless have greatly increased the persecution of Catholics in Communist countries, while Pius XII, who always thinks in terms of the limits of possible action, has been willing patiently to wait for a more favourable turn of events, meanwhile succouring the faithful and easing their days of trial.

THE outstanding characteristic of the present pontificate has been, without any doubt, the Pope's proclivity for audiences. Audience-giving with Pacelli is not just a bit of extra-curricular activity, annoying but necessary. Rather, the Papal audience under Pius XII has become a policy, really an end, in itself. It all started with the groups of Allied soldiers who flocked into the Vatican after the liberation of Rome. The Pope not only got a lift out of seeing these young men, but he became convinced that they got a lift out of seeing him. These Papal audiences have come, indeed, to have something of the quality of the *darshan* in India; the worshippers are supposed to profit merely by setting eyes on a man who, although certainly not a deity, is an exalted personage. Nothing except dire illness is permitted to interfere with the giving of these audiences. If there is a question of whether His Holiness can see the shoemakers of Lyons or have a conference with the newly arrived bishop of Santiago, the shoemakers of Lyons will invariably get the honours.

The number and variety of the audiences have grown over the years until it is calculated that around 120,000 persons of all ages, classes, and religions are now received annually by the Holy Father. This is quite apart from the hundreds of thousands who receive the apostolic blessing in St. Peter's Square. The Pope also grants over the year around 5,000 special audiences of twenty persons and up, plus six or seven hundred private audiences of from one to six persons, plus several hundred audiences to special groups. Last year, too, he also received forty-eight heads of states, ministers of outlying countries, or official representatives of nations on a visit to Rome. The Pope is, in effect, Rome's great drawing card. An audience with the Pope is the climactic point of many conventions held in Rome. The official Italian tourist bureau is witness to the fact that many conventions are attracted to Rome in the first place by the promise of a Papal audience of one kind or another; some hotel porters in Rome even advertise that they can arrange for tickets to the mass audiences—which are, incidentally, easily come by.

A corollary to the audience is the speech which His Holiness, rightly or wrongly, feels he must deliver to most big groups. The Pope takes these speeches very seriously. It is no secret in

* This is the first time in many a pontificate that women have lived in the Papal apartments. Formerly a cardinal upon being elected Pope dismissed his household and took the male one provided at the Vatican, but Pacelli upon his elevation insisted on keeping his old female helpmates about.

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the Vatican that the greater part of his time and energy is devoted to the writing of these talks. Naturally, the Pope has collaborators who can produce first drafts for him, but the final version of each and every speech—and he generally delivers a couple or more a week—is inevitably the handiwork of the painstaking Pacelli himself.

What are these speeches like? Since their importance in the general Vatican scheme of things is undeniable, it seems only fair to have a look at them. The normal speech appears to run to 600 or 700 words and is usually read, from a typewritten manuscript, by the Pope himself, generally in the language of his audience. The mixture is strikingly similar in all these homilies: first comes a little religion, after that comes an extended and flattering reference to the importance of the work being done by the group being received (and this is no matter whether the group is engaged in street cleaning in Sicily or cotton growing in the Chaco), and then finally the pointing out of a neat little moral. There is, quite naturally, a wide range of subject matter in these speeches, mainly because of the varied composition of the several groups. One day the tram conductors of Naples, the next day the dirt farmers of the Abruzzi.

Let us take, at random, the speeches that the Holy Father delivered last spring. A group composed of French deputies plus various local officials of the French government in North Africa is received; the Pope, in French, expresses his pleasure that Europe and Africa are bound together by so many geographical and historical links. The directors of the Italian National Association for Aid to Workers' Orphans have an audience; the Holy Father speaks of the need of social justice in favour of the workers oppressed through a changing economy. Two thousand steel workers from Bagnoli are on hand; the Pope is happy that labour these days is more calm and secure than it once was. The Executive Council of the International Commission on Irrigation and Drainage come to the Apostolic Palace; the Pope says in English that "irrigation and drainage may strike a material and prosaic note, yet they spell out a human need to the fruitfulness of nature." The Thirteenth Congress of the International Association of Applied Psychology is on hand. Says His Holiness: "Nobody will deny that modern psychology, considered as a whole, merits approval from the moral and religious point of view." And so on it goes. One day the Pope tells the chiefs of the NATO Defence College, in English, that it is "sad that defence is necessary, yet one must face reality and be prepared." The next day he tells a Roman Committee for Spiritual Assistance to the Italian Armed Forces that "the Church must be opposed to all wars of aggression, yet she is equally opposed to the idea that war is always wrong." His Holiness says in a speech to a group of American correspondents touring Europe on a junket that the press can satisfy a "universal desire for truth, justice, fraternal love," while he lectures gently a group of Italian businessmen on the Christian concept of business. The Holy Father, it would seem, is very much at home receiving groups of physicians. To a delegation of British chest surgeons he talks about the great dignity of the medical profession, while before the participants of a Congress of Ear, Nose and Throat Societies he deals, rather in detail, with such questions as the malfunction of the endocrine and the nervous system, at the same time stressing the need for scientific research.

Quite apart from the fact that neither the style nor the content of the Papal speeches is exceptional, observers have two minds about them. There are those who simply think that the Pope talks too much, that the chief result of all this speech-making is to water down the effect of what he says and to make it impossible for the ordinary listener to distinguish what is important from what is unimportant. They point out, for example, that most of the Papal speeches, when they reach the various news offices, are hastily consigned to the wastepaper basket. They want their Popes to be seen as much, but not heard as often. They would prefer that the Holy Father limit his pronouncements to his traditional Christmas message, to an occasional encyclical, and perhaps to a speech or so a year on a really auspicious occasion. They would reduce the audience merely to a personal appearance with a greeting and nothing more. On the other hand, there are those who hold that in this democratic world of ours, no such line of conduct is conceivable. This is an age of words, and to fail to speak as much and as loudly as possible is to leave the field to others. Granted that each and every speech cannot be an important document, the cumulative effect of talking to so many representative groups from all over the world has been good, it is believed; and it is even contended that through these audiences, with their complementary speeches, Pius XII has succeeded over the years in reducing somewhat the latent hostility that has long been shown in many parts of the Protestant world toward Catholicism.

DURING the last nineteen years, Pius XII has canonised 33 saints and beatified 169 Servants of God. The outstanding religious tendency of the Pontificate has been the Pope's Mariology, or the stress laid on Mary, Mother of Jesus. The most important single religious

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event of Pius XII's reign was the proclamation, in 1950, of the Dogma of the Assumption, or the belief that Mary, like her Son, was bodily received into Heaven. I do not mean to discuss the purely religious aspects of the pontificate, nor is it my intention to try to measure the present Pope as a religious leader. However, several recent personal manifestations of the Pope should be mentioned, if only because they are much talked about both in clerical and in lay Roman circles. It seems slightly absurd to say so of a Pope, but the fact remains that Romans think Pius XII is becoming a much more religious man as he approaches the mid-eighties. They point to the two visions he has now disclosed that he has had. In one the Pope, walking in the Vatican gardens in the early afternoon about the time of the proclamation of the Dogma of the Assumption, saw a revolving sun touch the horizon. In the other, while seriously ill and when he was reciting a prayer in his bed, the Pope suddenly saw Christ at his bedside and heard Him tell Pacelli that his hour had not yet come. Some old Vatican hands, including the Jesuits, were rather shocked that a Pope should have had a vision or, at the very least, having had one that he should say so. With their legalistic minds, they insist that it is for Popes to judge the validity of other men's visions, not to have them themselves. The coy Romans, on the other hand, leaped to a simple conclusion: the Pope's visions meant that he was preparing himself for eventual sainthood, and they cracked several irreverent but very funny jokes about it. In this connection, a photograph published during Holy Week of this year in *L'Osservatore Romano* would also seem highly significant. It shows Pius XII, remorseful, almost crying, in an attitude of deep grief and suffering, leaning against a life-size crucifix. Here again was an indication of the gradual transformation from Pacelli, the worldly-wise and subtle diplomat, to Pius XII, the aloof, ascetic religious teacher willing to suffer and bear the cross for sinful humanity.

THE men of influence behind the Throne of Pius XII are a mixed lot. First perhaps should be listed the Pope's three nephews, Princes Carlo, Giulio, and Marcantonio Pacelli, sons of Eugenio Pacelli's brother, Francesco. (The Pacellis, incidentally, are very recently created nobility, their title having been created by the late Vittorio Emanuele III upon recommendation of his Prime Minister, Benito Mussolini, after the conclusion of the negotiations for the Lateran Treaty.) Prince Carlo, the eldest son, is definitely a big wheel in both legal and financial circles. He holds the post of legal consultant for many of the sacred congregations, he is a general counsellor for the powerful and important Pontifical Commission for the government of Vatican State, and he acts as the chief legal adviser of the highly important organisation which administers the properties of the Holy See, the value of which runs into billions of pounds. Some indication of Carlo's importance in the scheme of Vatican and Roman things can be seen from the fact that he rates eleven separate listings in the *Annuario Pontificio*, or Vatican Yearbook, for 1958.

In contrast, Prince Giulio Pacelli holds down in the Vatican proper only one relatively minor post, that of general attorney for the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, but he is also a director of the Vatican-controlled Banco di Roma, and he acts as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Costa Rica to the Holy See. This last job gives Giulio Pacelli important diplomatic privileges and immunity at the same time that it exempts him from payment of Italian taxes.

Prince Marcantonio Pacelli has no formal connections with the Vatican, other than occupying the honorary post of a colonel in the Noble Guard, but he is perhaps the most successful business man of the three brothers. Until recently, for example, he was the director of the Italian air lines. He is now busily involved in real estate dealings in and about Rome.

Other laymen of influence at the Vatican include Dr. Luigi Gedda, a physician and expert on twins (very apt for a Rome founded by Romulus and Remus) who, however, spends most of his time managing the important Catholic Action. Perhaps the layman closest to the Holy Father is Count Pietro Enrico Galeazzi, the Vatican's building expert. It is said that occasionally Count Galeazzi (together with his intimate friend, Prince Carlo Pacelli) even sits down at the same table and has a meal with the Pontiff. (This is very unusual, since the Popes for the past hundred years have always eaten alone.) Count Galeazzi is an able architect and a more than competent engineer.

Still another layman on extremely friendly terms with Pius XII is the Swiss Protestant physician, Dr. Paul Niehans, originator of a very unusual rejuvenating treatment. This involves the injection of the still living tissue of organs of recently slaughtered animals, generally sheep or calves, into the buttocks of the patient, from where its rejuvenating substances are believed by Dr. Niehans to be carried by the blood stream to ailing organs of the human being. There are varying opinions of the efficiency of the Niehans treatment; most medical opinion in Britain and the United States seems to be against it. But the Pope has tried it twice

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and approves it, thinks that he owes to it his present spryness at the age of eighty-two, and has even urged it on several of his ageing aides.

Of the Germans around the Holy Father, little can be said except that they appear to be a loyal, dedicated group. The same cannot be quite said perhaps of the small group of Italian Jesuits, headed by the Rev. Riccardo Lombardo ("the Microphone of God") and assisted by the Rev. Virgilio Rotondi, who have had pretty much the run of the Apostolic Palace these past few years. Fathers Lombardo and Rotondi are the founders of a high-pressure Catholic organisation called the "Pius XII Institute for a Better World" which, with enthusiastic Papal blessing, has set out to remake the Church's training programme. Some of the acts of these two priests seem directly opposed to the Church's hierarchic traditions. For example, here are two Jesuit priests of no rank whatever who are permitted to conduct lecture courses for bishops! The subject matter varies, but in the main Fathers Lombardo and Rotondi expound what is in effect a new thesis for the Jesuits.

Formerly the Jesuits specialised in contacts with the more prominent members of society, convinced that this was the best approach to ultimate influence. They ran schools for the children of the élite; they attempted to cultivate friendships with the great and to gain positions of confidence with the influential. The whole idea was that if you got the top five or ten per cent with you, the battle was practically won. But now the Jesuits in general, and particularly Father Lombardi and Company, seem to have virtually abandoned the élite strategy in favour of a strategy of direct influence over the masses. Instead of teaching the sons of titled noblemen, Jesuit priests are now assigned to the labour unions. Instead of trying to wield behind-the-scenes influence on leaders who may be here today and gone tomorrow, the Jesuits now concentrate on the establishment of effective mass Catholic parties which will always be on hand, no matter what leaders are about. Meanwhile, alone of Catholic organisations, the Jesuits have also placed a careful watch over such mass media as the movies, the press, television. It is quite clear that Pius XII's predilection for great mass spectacles and for huge mass audiences stems partly from the Jesuits' new theory of influencing the masses.

In a normal situation the Pope's closest collaborators would be the cardinals of the Roman Curia, those members of the Sacred College who act as the Sovereign's Ministers in the general administration of the Church from Rome. Five Curia cardinals are now in their eighties, older than the Pope himself. Another five are in their late seventies. One is in his early seventies. Only two cardinals are in their sixties, and one of these, Cardinal Gregory Agagianian, who at 63 is the youngest of the Curia cardinals, is a very recent appointee.

Many of the prelates upon whom the Pope has always depended are now clearly unable to carry out more than a small part of their duties. To cite one example, Cardinal Canali, who has been the Pope's chief right hand for administration during the entire pontificate, has recently suffered a stroke. In such a situation, competent young assistants usually manage to keep things going, and in fact much of the Vatican administration today is being run by young unknown monsignori acting in the name of their cardinals. But this can never be more than a stop-gap arrangement, and it certainly does not make for vigorous decisions.

Obviously the only solution to this problem is to inject new blood into the old administration, and the only way to do that is to retire some of the old cardinals and appoint new and younger Princes of the Church to take over. But the older Pius XII becomes, the more reluctant he seems to make changes. Although at this writing there are no less than fifteen vacancies within the College of Cardinals, the Pope keeps on postponing from year to year the calling of a new consistory, and it is quite possible that he will never call one. It is said that the Holy Father dreads making difficult choices between rival candidates for the red hat.

Because of their age, then, the Curia cardinals are not perhaps as powerful as they were several years ago, but they still represent the Church's main cohesive force outside the Pope himself. In particular, there exists an inner circle of four Curia cardinals whose power and influence are so great they would certainly have controlled the results of any conclave held a few years ago and would probably even control one held to-day.

Heading this group is Cardinal Canali, who is the Pope's viceroy for Vatican State, sits in nine of the eleven congregations, and is in direct control of the Church's far-flung finances. Canali's closest collaborator has long been Cardinal Giuseppe Pizzardo, head of the Holy Office, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities and member altogether of some seven congregations. After Pizzardo in importance comes Cardinal Clemente Micara, whose chief job is that of Vicar General of the Diocese of Rome (the Pope being the Bishop) but who also belongs to nine congregations and several tribunals. The fourth mem-

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ber of this inner circle is Cardinal Alfredo Ottaviani, chief theorist and vice-prefect of the Holy Office. This foursome of cardinals heads four of the eleven sacred congregations and one, two, or more of them sit as members on all the others. They represent a vast accumulation of power, wielded both in spiritual and concrete ways, which has enabled them to cultivate friendships and win allies. They seem to have been particularly successful in making friends with the hierarchy of North America, which is small in numbers but very powerful because of the money they can spend. To repeat, the chances are good that, in case of another conclave, they would be able to elect their own candidate or at the very least to exercise veto power over the candidacy of others.

Curiously, no one of this foursome seems to have much of a chance to be Pope himself. Of all the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, Canali is easily the most single powerful individual, but that does not make him *papabile*. Even if his age and the state of his health were not against him, Canali's general lack of intellectual ability and spiritual quality would still count him out. The same objections hold, in varying degrees, for both Pizzardo and Micara, who are also too old to be elected to the Papacy now. As for Ottaviani, he is only sixty-eight, but another factor would probably rule him out, and that is his extreme conservatism. It was Ottaviani, for example, who a few years ago ruled that Catholics ought not to belong to Rotary. He followed this ruling later with a disquisition which claimed that Protestants cannot expect to have equal rights with Catholics in a Catholic country. All in all, Ottaviani seems to be living in another century; he is not, one would conclude, a cardinal much appreciated by those colleagues who come from non-Catholic countries.

Any search for *papabili* should begin outside of Rome, but within Italy. Different conditions prevail at different times, and one year's list of *papabili* is not likely to be next year's list. Thus, a few years back most lists of cardinals who might make Pope began with the name of Giacomo Lercaro, archbishop of Bologna, the biggest city of Italy with a Communist adminstration. But Lercaro, a man with a winning personality and a great popularity with many workers and with the poor, committed a series of strategic errors. Among others he publicly backed Christian Democratic candidates for Mayor who failed to defeat the highly popular Communist incumbent. Failure can be as bad for a candidate for the Papacy as it is for a candidate for political office, and Cardinal Lercaro's stock thus took a tumble. It could in time, however, bounce back again. Lercaro remains, after all, the perfect candidate in case the situation demands that the Church go all-out to win the affection of the workers.

At this writing the leading *papabile* is doubtless the Archbishop of Genoa, Cardinal Giuseppe Siri. His youth seems to be his main handicap; at 52 he is the youngest member of the College of Cardinals. Siri maintains extremely close relations with the Curia, and would probably be the candidate of the powerful Canali foursome. He works constantly with the Jesuits. He is the religious patron of (in fact, he founded) an important association of Catholic employers. He has close associations with the powerful Italian *Confindustria* (or Confederation of Industry). Unlike Lercaro, Siri's forays into practical politics have been highly successful. Genoa years ago voted its Communist administration out of office and continues to do so with Siri around. For the past three years Siri has acted as the cleric, appointed by the Pope, to watch over the destinies of Catholic Action, which means in effect that he has been in charge of the vote-getting apparatus of the Church in Italy. In the last general elections in May, 1958, he was able to show a rather good percentage increase in the vote of the Christian Democratic Party, the chosen political instrument of the Vatican. Although a conservative, Siri preaches a paternalism for employers similar to that long advocated by Leo XIII in *Rerum Novarum*. He is obviously an excellent organiser, and he is also a noted theologian. Whereas the warm and forthright Lecaro would go down among the people, the relatively cold and unbending Siri would combat Communism on a high and aloof doctrinaire level. Siri's supporters claim that while Lercaro's influence would be limited to those he could actually see and contact, Siri would be a Pope whose vast knowledge and vision could serve, perhaps, as "a brilliant guide to confused humanity."*

* At the moment the tendency is definitely toward an Italian Pope again. There is nobody apparently who could imagine for example, a Cardinal Spellman in St. Peter's Chair. But the Italian majority in the College of Cardinals has now disappeared, and should there develop a determination to elect a foreigner to the Papacy for the first time since Hadrian VI's pontificate in 1523, there is one favourite candidate—Gregory Peter XVth Agagianian, Patriarch of the Armenians, recently appointed to be effective head of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. The choice of Agagianian, born in Georgia, U.S.S.R., an imposing bearded prelate who speaks perfect English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Armenian, would be regarded as a great honour to the East. It would also be taken that another attempt would be made to woo back the Orthodoxy of the East to Rome, hardly a likely possibility.

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POLITICS as played by the Vatican vary according to the political complexion of the country concerned. The Vatican has found itself at present, for example, able to support a Communist government in Poland at the same time that it condemned one in Yugoslavia. It backs the reactionary Franco in Spain at the same time that it also favours the fairly liberal Adenauer government of Germany. By and large the Church is happier about the United States, with its Protestant majority, than it is about many Latin American countries, with solid Catholic populations. The Vatican's measuring rod for countries seems to be neither economic, nor political, nor social; the common denominator for its many likes and dislikes is simply whether in a given situation the Church can flourish or, in the case of Poland, at least survive.

The legend has somehow been allowed to establish itself that the Church is uncompromisingly anti-Communist and unswervingly pro-Capitalist. True, the Church puts most of its bets today on popular governments based on universal suffrage, all operating in an economic system of free enterprise; hence the rise of the great Christian Democratic parties in Western Europe. But given the right assurances, there is nothing whatever to prevent the Vatican from operating happily in a collectivist society.

Only in Italy does one feel that the Vatican plays politics for keeps. In other countries, influence is wielded by fairly remote and therefore largely inefficient controls. In Italy, on the other hand, the control can be quite direct, open, and most efficient. This is possible because, when all is said and done, the Vatican is virtually an Italian institution. It is not merely that the language is Italian, or that the headquarters of the Church is, geographically speaking, in Italy. The Church is also Italian by habit, Italian in its methods of work, in its thinking, in its politics. And, most important of all, the Church is run by Italians, which single fact alone gives the men of the Vatican a licence for active interference in Italian affairs, which, if exercised anywhere else, would quickly backfire.

The story is told—and widely believed—that on the historic afternoon of September 8th, 1943, a broad and satisfied smile came over the collective face of the Vatican. On that afternoon the Italian lay state had surrendered to the Allies. More significant, on that afternoon the reigning representative of the House of Savoy, that upstart family from the North which had dared to establish their capital in Papal Rome and had even presumed personally to occupy the Quirinale, had abandoned Rome and had fled southward, fearful of the Nazis. Somehow, the story goes, the Vatican sensed that afternoon that the Savoys would never be able to return to Rome, or at least that if they ever come back they would never be able to rule. And it sensed that the Savoys' departure from Rome would eventually leave the field pretty much to the Church. There was to come, of course, the post-war challenge of the Communists, but that was to be defeated handily with the aid of American money and propaganda. There was also the popular plebiscite over the king and whether he should stay on. The Church declared its neutrality, a decision which insured defeat for the Savoys. A thoroughly unglamorous President would from then on occupy the Quirinale, and a Chamber of Deputies would naturally sit at Montecitorio, but they would be mere agents of the ruling Christian Democratic Party, organised, financed, directed, owned by the Vatican. The outward form of government would be that of a republic, but in essence Italy would tend to become more and more of a theocracy.

Things have, to some extent worked out this way. The result has not been at all bad. Economically speaking, the Italian Republic has been a decided success, and Italians even find the Church's political power tolerable and far from heavy-handed.

THE political manipulations of the Vatican are an open secret. The Italian votes for the *preti* (priests), as he familiarly calls the Christian Democratic Party, with his eyes wide open as the only effective alternative to Communist rule. But there is another feature of Vatican activity in Italy which is far from an open book, and that is its finances. During these past few years the suspicion has taken shape among the Italians that what the Vatican is unable to accomplish by more or less open political methods it intends to accomplish by "secret financial infiltration".

There are, indeed, a whole set of facts to support this thesis. For example, the Vatican now has controlling interest in a series of important banks, namely the Banco di Roma, the Banco di Santo Spirito, the Credito Centrale del Lazio, etc., etc. It has bought heavily into a number of utilities and real estate companies, including some of the biggest of Italy. It owns stock in various water and gas companies, two or three electric power companies, several minor railroads, the important telephone company TETI. Its agents run the most important of Italian real estate companies, the *General Immobiliare,* which operates on a truly vast scale. One feature of the Vatican's acquisitions of post-war years is that it now owns industrial property in the North of Italy as well as in that part of Italy which used to belong to the Papal States.

The Vatican's great international bank is called, euphemistically, the *Instituto Opere di Religione* (Institute for Works for Religion).

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Likely as not the visitor to Rome who manages to cash a dollar or sterling cheque will find, when he receives his cheque stubs, that the money has been cleared through this Vatican financial concern, famous for giving the best rates. The Vatican obviously plays the American stock market. Hovering in the shadows of the Vatican are a number of men of high finance, including representatives of such firms as J. P. Morgan and Co. and Crédit Suisse, who invest and manipulate the great Vatican treasure. This mainly consists of accrued funds that the Vatican received from the Italian government at the time of the Lateran accord. The amount was then roughly the equivalent of £750 million, but according to various authorities who have made an off-hand study of this question, it has now by virtue of judicious investment grown to £4 billion, a considerable nest-egg for a small state. Added to all these properties are the investments in Rome itself, a capital which during these postwar years has literally exploded. The Church, of course, has always owned spare real estate in and about Rome. By clever subdividing and development, its holdings have enormously increased in value. Recent maps printed in a few Leftist papers of Rome show the Church as owning virtually both sides of several highways stretching from the capital down to the sea, plus numerous other immense plots. All this ownership is responsible for the Church's great interest in such matters as taxes, water rights, improvements in general in Rome. There can hardly be any doubt of the Vatican's legitimate eagerness to see a Christian Democratic instead of a Communist Mayor at Campidoglio.

The Vatican obviously now finds itself in a highly liquid position, but exactly how liquid nobody knows or can even hazard a guess. No balance sheet is ever produced; Vatican State remains the one sovereign state which never bothers to let the public know its income or expenditures. On the subject of finances the authorities of the Vatican not only refuse to answer the most basic of queries but treat the questioner as if he were personally insulting the Pope.

Is this "the dark side of the Italian character" coming to the fore? Dodging the tax collector is an old and confirmed Italian habit. If there is one thing calculated to make an Italian turn livid, it is an inquiry into his financial status. But that is just the point. The Italians all believe that the other fellow is trying to hide some dirty business, and they are all just about right. Similarly, in the face of the Vatican's continued secretiveness, the darkest of suspicions about millions being made quickly, of personal fortunes being aggrandised, of cuts this way and percentages that way, ferment very quickly in the popular mind. These stories, true or not, have done and are doing an enormous damage to the good reputation of this pontificate.

There is an easy way out of this trouble—better public relations. The costs of running an institution like the Vatican, with a private army of its own, with huge palaces to maintain, with gigantic spectacles to mount, can be nothing short of stupendous. Nobody for a moment in the West would doubt that the headquarters of a world religious community of 400 million souls needs funds. In the United States and in Britain, churches, universities, foundations, charitable institutions all make a clean breast of what they receive, what they spend and what they need, and are none the worse for it. Pius XII has gained a reputation of being, among other things, a "modernising" Pope. He is the first Pope to have flown in an airplane, the first to have used a telephone, the first to have written on a typewriter. He is also the first Pope to allow mass to be normally said during the afternoon and to allow permission for water to be drunk before Holy Communion. He has even taken a few first steps to modernise the dress of men and women in religious orders. Why not go further and avail oneself of one of the greatest of modern conveniences, public accounting? And why not, at the same time, adopt a forthright, modern policy of answering questions and giving out explanations similar to those pursued by almost every modern state and certainly by every institution in the Western world to-day?

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George Steiner

Marxism and the Literary Critic

"... *Difficulties encountered when writing the truth...*"

AT THE origins of the Marxist theory of literature there are three celebrated and canonic texts. Two of them are citations from Engels' letters; the third is contained in a short essay by Lenin. Engels wrote to Minna Kautsky in November, 1885:

> I am by no means an opponent of tendentious, programmatic poetry (*Tendenzpoesie*) as such. The father of tragedy, Aeschylus, and the father of comedy, Aristophanes, were both strong *Tendenzpoeten* no less than Dante and Cervantes; and it is the finest element in Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe* that it is the first German political *Tendenzdrama*. The modern Russians and Norwegians, who produce excellent novels, are all *Tendenzdichter*. But I believe that the thesis must spring forth from the situation and action itself, without being explicitly displayed. I believe that there is no compulsion for the writer to put into the reader's hands the future historical resolution of the social conflicts which he is depicting.

Writing in English to Margaret Harkness, at the beginning of April, 1888, Engels was more emphatic:

> I am far from finding fault with you for not having written a point-blank socialist novel, a *"Tendenzroman"* as we Germans call it, to glorify the social and political views of the author. That is not at all what I mean. The more the opinions of the author remain hidden, the better for the work of art.

By virtue of this principle, Engels defends his preference of Shakespeare over Schiller, of Balzac over Zola. The third text, however, is altogether different. In his essay on "Party Organization and Party Literature," published in *Novaia Jizn* in November, 1905, Lenin wrote:

> Literature must become Party literature.... Down with un-partisan *littérateurs*! Down with the supermen of literature! Literature must become a part of the general cause of the proletariat, "a small cog and a small screw" in the social-democratic mechanism, one and indivisible—a mechanism set in motion by the entire conscious vanguard of the whole working class. Literature must become an integral part of the organised, methodical, and unified labours of the social-democratic Party.

These injunctions were put forward as tactical arguments in the early polemic against æstheticism. But cited out of context, Lenin's call for *Tendenzpoesie* in the most naked sense, has come to be regarded as a general canon of the Marxist interpretation of literature.

Clearly, there is between Engels' pronouncements and the Leninist conception a profound divergence in bias and drift of argument—if not a formal contradiction. The kinds of critical response and sensibility engaged by the literary work are, in the respective instances, wholly different. This disparity has not escaped the awareness of Marxist theoreticians. Georg Lukács has twice attempted to reconcile Engels' defence of the poet's uncommitted integrity with Lenin's demand for total partisanship and æsthetic discipline. In his major essay on Engels as a theoretician and critic of literature (1935), Lukács quotes from the letter to Minna Kautsky and proposes an intricate gloss. He argues that the type of *Tendenz* (Edmund

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Wilson renders this crucial term by "tendency" but "thesis" and "programmatic bias" are closer) which Engels would find acceptable is, at bottom, "identical with that 'Party element' which materialism, from the time of Lenin on, encloses in itself." According to this analysis, Engels is not objecting to a *littérature engagée* as such but rather to the mixture "of mere empiricism and empty subjectivity" in the bourgeois novel of the period. Obviously dissatisfied with this treatment of the problem, Lukács reverted to it in 1945, in his "Introduction to the Writings on Aesthetics of Marx and Engels." Here he contends that Engels was distinguishing between two forms of *littérature à thèse* (it is significant that the English language and its critical vocabulary have developed no precisely equivalent expression). All great literature, in Lukács' reading has a "fundamental bias." A writer can only achieve a mature and responsible portrayal of life if he is committed to progress and opposed to reaction, if he "loves the good and rejects the bad." When a critic of Lukács' subtlety and rigour descends to such banalities—banalities which directly challenge his own works on Goethe, Balzac, and Tolstoy—we know that something is amiss. The attempt to reconcile the image of literature implicit in Lenin's essay with that put forward by Engels is a rather desperate response to the pressures of orthodoxy and to the Stalinist demand for total internal coherence in Marxist doctrine. Even the most delicate exegesis cannot conceal the plain fact that Engels and Lenin were saying different things, that they were pointing toward contrasting ideals.

THIS fact, moreover, is of signal importance in the history of Marxist literature and Marxist literary criticism. Time and again the ideal of a literature in which "the opinions of the author remain hidden" has clashed with the Leninist formula of militant partiality. According to the choice which they were compelled to make, even unconsciously, between Engels' æsthetics and Lenin's, Marxist critics have split into two principal camps: the orthodox group and those whom Michel Crouzet has aptly called the "para-Marxists." Zhdanovism and the First Soviet Writers' Congress of 1934 rigorously proclaimed the orthodox position. In his address to the Congress, Zhdanov deliberately chose Engels' own terms but rejected Engels' meaning in the name of Leninism:

> Our Soviet literature is not afraid of the charge of being "tendentious." Yes, Soviet literature is tendentious, for in an epoch of class struggle there is not and cannot be a literature which is not class literature, not tendentious, allegedly non-political.

Bukharin followed suit and declared that *Tendenzpoesie* and poetry recognised as of the first rank on purely formal grounds would, more often than not, prove to be one and the same. In evidence, he cited names which recur incessantly in Marxist poetics: "Freiligrath and Heine, Barbier and Béranger."

The orthodox school (orthodoxy being in this case a political rather than an historical notion) has its journals both in Russia and in the West (*Soviet Literature* and *La nouvelle critique* are prominent examples). It has its primers such as André Stil's *Vers le réalisme socialiste*, Howard Fast's *Literature and Reality*, and the compendious theoretical pronouncements of Aragon. In England it has found expression in some of the writings of Jack Lindsay and Arnold Kettle. The purest strain of orthodoxy in German Marxism has been embodied in the poems and essays of Johannes Becher. Becher stated in 1954: "Primarily I owe it to Lenin that I gradually learned to see things as they really are." The invocation of Lenin is, indeed, the invariable talisman of the orthodox critic.

In the Soviet Union itself, orthodoxy assumed the dour and turgid guise of Zhdanovism and Stalinist æsthetics. To it we owe the most consequent and tragically successful campaign ever waged by a political régime to enlist or destroy the shaping powers of the literary imagination. Only those impelled by professional interest to wade through the official critical journals and state publications of the Stalinist era can fully realise to what levels of inhumanity and mere verbiage, *belles lettres* and the art of the critic can

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descend. The pattern is one of desperate monotony: interminable discussions as to whether or not this novel or that poem is in accord with the Party line; strident exercises in self-denunciation by authors who have, through some momentary failure of agility, taken an "incorrect" position on some aspect of socialist realism; incessant demands that fiction, drama, and poetry be forged into "weapons for the proletariat"; glorifications of the "positive hero" and condemnations, at times hysterical in their puritanism, of any hint of eroticism or stylistic ambiguity. The ideal of Zhdanovism was, precisely, the reduction of literature to "a small cog and a small screw" in the mechanism of the totalitarian state. By hazard of genius or partisan anger, such a literature could (though, in fact, it did not) produce something of the order of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Any work of more genuine complexity or impartiality constitutes a potential threat to "the organised, methodical, and unified labours" of the Party. Under such circumstances a critic has only two functions: he is an interpreter of Party dogma and a discerner of heresy. This, precisely, was the inglorious and ultimately suicidal rôle of Fadeyev.

But neither imprimatur nor anathema is the critic's job of work. What authentic critical impulses did survive went underground into scholarship. Remnants of the liberal imagination took refuge in the craft of the editor and the translator. Thus we find, even during spells of ideological terror, competent translations and discussions of Shakespeare and Dickens, of Molière and Balzac. The war somewhat attenuated the dreariness of the Soviet literary scene. Private anguish and patriotic fervour coalesced with the political necessities of the moment. But there was no evolution in criticism to match the achievements of novelists and poets. The war, in fact, reinforced the Leninist-Zhdanovite thesis that literature is an instrument of battle, that its ultimate values lie in the rhetoric of persuasion and total commitment.

Essentially, therefore, the orthodox wing of Marxist literary criticism and theory, the Leninist espousal of *Tendenzpoesie* as the ideal for both writer and Party, has proved barren. There are very few examples of wholly orthodox, yet valid and creative, applications of Leninist principles to a literary text. Perhaps the most distinguished occur among the critical writings of Brecht. These writings should be considered apart from his plays across which there often falls the brightening shadow of heresy. Brecht's "Five Difficulties Encountered when Writing the Truth" (1934), has real urgency and conviction. It exemplifies the dictum of another Marxist critic that literary criticism and the study of poetics is the "act of strategy in the literature-battle (*im Literaturkampf.*)" Brecht's most fascinating exercise in critical orthodoxy, however, came much later, in 1953. It is a dialectical examination (presented in the guise of a discussion between producer and actors) of Act I of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*. The problem is posed in Leninist terms: how should the scene of the plebeians be interpreted and acted so as to yield the fullest measure of political insight—of insight compatible with a dialectical interpretation of history? In the course of discussion, a high degree of critical intelligence and an acute awareness of theatrical means are brought to bear on the Shakespearean text. The final exchanges are particularly illuminating:

> *R.* Do you believe that all this and more may be "read out" of the play?
>
> *B.* Read out of and read into.
>
> *P.* Do we propose to perform the play because of these insights?
>
> *B.* Not for that reason alone. We want to have the pleasure and convey the pleasure of dealing with a piece of illumined (*durchleuchteter*) history. We wish to experience, to live, a piece of dialectic.
>
> *P.* Is that not a somewhat esoteric notion, reserved to the initiate?
>
> *B.* By no means. Even at the panoramas shown at public fairs and when hearing popular ballads, simple folk, who are in so few respects simple, enjoy stories of the rise and fall of the mighty, of the cunning of the oppressed, of the potentialities of men. And they seek out the truth, that which "lies behind it all."

But this "living of the dialectic" and the free play of irony and sensibility over the literary text are exceedingly rare among those Marxists who have adopted Lenin's response to

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literature—as set forth in *Novaia Jizn*—rather than Engels'. (The restriction is necessary, for elsewhere—in the two short essays on Tolstoy and in remarks made to Gorky—Lenin took a subtler and more tolerant view of poetic freedom.)

II

OF FAR greater importance, both with respect to past accomplishment and future influence, is the work of the para-Marxist school of criticism and æsthetic theory. It embraces a wide range of attitudes and values—from those of the early Edmund Wilson, whose Marxism was in essence an extension of Taine's historical and social determinism, to those of Theodor Adorno, a critic on the verge of orthodoxy. What do the para-Marxists (or we might call them, the "Engelians") share in common? The belief that literature is centrally conditioned by historical, social, and economic forces; the conviction that ideological content and the articulate world-view of a writer are crucially engaged in the act of literary judgment; a suspicion of any æsthetic doctrine which places major stress on the irrational elements in poetic creation and on the demands of "pure form." Finally, they share a bias toward dialectical proceedings in argument. But however committed they may be to dialectical materialism, para-Marxists approach a work of art with scrupulous respect for its integrity and for the vital centre of its being. They are at one with Engels in regarding as inferior the kinds of literature which, in Keats' phrase, have a palpable design upon us. Above all—and it is this which distinguishes them from the orthodox—para-Marxists practise the arts of criticism, not those of censorship.

For evident reasons, these critics have flourished principally outside the immediate orbit of Soviet power. The one exception is, however, decisive. Georg Lukács stands as a lone and splendid tower amidst the grey landscape of eastern European and Communist intellectual life. His stature as a critic and theoretician of æsthetics is no longer in question. In capaciousness of intellect and breadth of performance, he ranks with the master-critics of our age. No contemporary Western critic, with the possible exception of Croce, has brought to bear on literary problems a philosophic equipment of comparable authority. In no one since Sainte-Beuve has the sense of history, the feeling for the rootedness of the imagination in time and in place, been as solid and acute. Lukács' writings on Goethe and Balzac, on Schiller and Hegelianism, on the rise of the historical novel and the dark upsurge of irrationalism in German poetry, are classics. No one has spoken with finer discrimination of Tolstoy and Thomas Mann. The very massiveness of his labours—a collected edition would run to more than twenty volumes—constitutes something of a miracle: the growth and endurance under Communist rule of an independent æsthetics, of a large body of practical criticism which diverges time and again from Leninist and Stalinist orthodoxy. The end of Lukács' personal Odyssey is, at present, in tragic doubt. But his accomplishments lie beyond the reach of political attainder. They demonstrate that Marxism can yield a poetics and a metaphysic of the highest order.

Any consideration of the "Engelian" strain in Marxist literary criticism leads inevitably to Lukács. Much of his work may indeed be regarded as a broadening and defence of the famous distinction between Balzac and Zola which Engels proposed to Miss Harkness. But nothing very adequate can be said about Lukács' complex and voluminous criticism in the limits of a short essay. I would draw attention, rather, to a number of lesser-known critics all of whom are Marxists in substance and methodology, yet none of whom would subscribe to the Leninist image of literature as a cog and screw in the Juggernaut of the proletariat.

AROUND the hard core of French Stalinism (a harsh and disciplined *cadre* oddly untouched by the "thaw" of 1953–54), there has always flourished a large and brilliant world of intellectual Marxism. Its leading figures, such as Merleau-Ponty and Sartre, have often inclined toward the vortex of total

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adherence. But they draw back in the final moment, seeking to establish an ideological position which will be outside the Party—but not hostile to it. From both the dialectical and the practical point of view, such an attempt is doomed to ambivalence and failure. But the making of it charges French intellectual life with rare intensity and gives to abstract argument the strong pertinence of hatred. In France, even old men are angry.

There are significant elements of the para-Marxist position in Sartre's writings on literature. But the work of Lucien Goldmann offers a purer and more stringent example of dialectical criticism. His massive treatise, *Le dieu caché* (1955), has led to a major revaluation of the rôle of Jansenism in 17th-century literature. If there has, during the past three years, been an *affaire Racine* in French criticism and scholarship, Goldmann is in part responsible. His gnarled and intricate argument—the shadow of Hegelianism having fallen across the native directness of a French style—seeks to relate the "tragic vision" of Pascal's *Pensées* and Racine's dramas to an extremist faction in the Jansenist movement. Goldmann's view of religion, theology, and literature is that of a classical Marxist. He sees in a philosophy or a poem an ideological edifice (what Marx called *ein Überbau*) whose foundations are economic, political, and social. He demonstrates, with a wealth of scrupulous erudition, how elements of class strategy entered into even the most subtle and unworldly of 17th-century theological conflicts. But like Engels, and Marx himself, Goldmann insists on the radical complexity of the ideological structure, on the fact that relationships between economic forces and philosophic or poetic systems are never automatic and unilinear. This gives to his treatment of Racine's career a persuasive delicacy. The Racine who emerges from *Le dieu caché* is a poet anchored in history. It is no longer possible, for example, to ignore the relations between the darkening of his world view and the period of disillusion which seized on French Jansenism after 1675. Frequently, moreover, Goldmann arrives, through a process of dialectical analysis, at conclusions sanctioned by scholars of a wholly different conviction. Thus he sees in the problem of the chorus in neo-classical tragedy a direct reflection of the fragmentation of post-feudal society, the metamorphosis of a unified community into an aggregate of *monades sans portes ni fenêtres*. This accords precisely with the views of Tillyard and Francis Fergusson. At his finest, Goldmann is simply a critic responding with mature admiration to a great text. Commenting on Phèdre's decision to rise from her chair (Act I, scene iii), he observes: "One approaches the universe of tragedy on one's feet." Quite so, and Bradley might have said it.

At times, however, Goldmann's Marxism or, more strictly speaking, his materialist left-Hegelianism, does obtrude on the integrity of his judgment. He oversimplifies the structure of Racinian drama by seeking to impose on it a constant pattern—the triad of hero, society, and "hidden God":

> The *solitaires* and nuns of Port-Royal, in effect, conceived of life as a spectacle enacted before God; the theatre was in France, until Racine's arrival, a spectacle enacted before men; it sufficed to achieve a synthesis, to write for the stage the spectacle performed before God and to add to the habitual human audience the mute and hidden spectator who devalues and replaces that audience, for Racinian tragedy to be born.

It is fascinating to note that Goldmann's orthodox opponents have rejected his treatment of Racine as excessively schematic. Writing in *La nouvelle critique* (November, 1956), Crouzet points out that Goldmann has neglected the question of genre and poetic diction in neo-classicism. In so doing, he has reduced complex poetry to the bare bones of prose content. ("Form and content constitute a unity, but a unity of contradictions," said Bukharin in a notable aphorism.) Authentic Marxist criticism, says Crouzet, "could not lead to such a dessication of art." He goes on to claim that in para-Marxism two vices necessarily coalesce: subjectivism and a mechanistic view of literature. Yet even in making these charges, Crouzet and his Leninist colleagues are ill at ease. They ask, with genuine worry—where is the true Marxist interpretation of Racine? Why has

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critical orthodoxy produced so little of value? Constantly, the Party intellectuals, of whom H. Lefebvre is easily the most eminent,* have to admit to their own failings. Outside Lefebvre's works on Pascal and Diderot, official French Marxism has produced little of critical substance. Pierre Albouy's *Victor Hugo, essai de critique marxiste* (*La nouvelle critique*, June–August, 1951), is paltry stuff. Though they deplore its heresies, French Communists recognise in *Le dieu caché* one of the most distinguished attempts yet made to apply dialectical materialism to the high noon of French literature.

NOTHING in Goldmann's book caused greater concern among orthodox Marxists than an entry on the *errata et addenda* page. In it, Goldmann declares that when referring to Lukács (which he does consistently), he has in mind Lukács' *History and Class Consciousness*, a famous essay published in 1923 but long since condemned as erroneous by the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. and by the author himself. It is to this very same essay, however, that Walter Benjamin, the most gifted of the German "Engelians," owed his conversion to Marxism in 1924.

Both as a stylist and thinker, Benjamin is difficult to characterise. In him, more perhaps than in any other Marxist, the texture of language precedes and determines the contours of argument. His prose is close-knit and allusive; it lies in ambush, seizing upon its subject by indirection. Walter Benjamin is the R. P. Blackmur of Marxism—but of a Marxism which is private and oblique. Like Rilke and Kafka, Benjamin was possessed by a sense of the brutality of industrial life, by a haunted, apocalyptic vision of the modern metropolis (the *Grosstadt* of Rilke's *Malte Laurids Brigge*). He found his feelings verified and documented by Marx's theory of "dehumanisation" and Engels' account of the working class. Thus, Benjamin's essay "On Certain Motifs in Baudelaire" (1939), is, essentially, a lyric meditation on the brooding immensity of 19th-century Paris and the concordant solitude of the poet. The same impulse underlies his admiration of Proust—an admiration obviously suspect from the point of view of the Party. Benjamin's two principal essays, "Goethe's *Elective Affinities*" (1924–1925) and "The Origin of German Tragedy" (1928), are among the most difficult and closely argued in modern European criticism. But if there is in them anything dialectical, it pertains to what Adorno, Benjamin's friend and editor, has called "the dialectics of fantasy."

Only once did he approach a problem from a thoroughly Marxist bias. The result is of extreme interest. In a paper entitled "The Work of Art in the Era of its Technical Reproducibility" (1936), Benjamin proposed to consider neither proletarian art nor art in a classless society, but rather the evolution of art "under prevailing modes of production." The ambiguity in the word "production"—the industrial process in general and the "reproduction" of art works in particular—is relevant to his theme. Benjamin clearly preceded Malraux in recognising the "materiality" of art, the dependence of æsthetic sensibility on changes in the setting and reproduction of painting and sculpture. He wonders (as did Schiller) whether the history of technology might not be matched by a corresponding "history of perception." The essay contains yet another seminal idea. Benjamin refers to the strident support which Marinetti and Italian Futurism gave to the invasion of Ethiopia. He suggests that it is of the essence of Fascism to beautify the outward trappings and actual inhumanities of political life. But all efforts towards the "beautification of politics" (*die Aesthetisierung der Politik*) lead fatally to the image of "glorious war." Communism, on the other hand, does not render politics artistic. It makes art political. That way, according to Benjamin, lie sanity and peace.

This is a complex notion, both to apprehend or to refute. Benjamin did not live to clarify it further. Like Christopher Caudwell, whose work does by comparison strike one as

* On June 22, Lefebvre was "temporarily" expelled from the Party. He was accused of "revisionism" and his future status is in doubt.

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rather drab, he fell victim to Fascism. Theodor Adorno has observed that Benjamin injected dialectical materialism into his own system as a necessary poison; around this foreign body and creative irritant his sensibility crystallised. So far as literature goes, Adorno himself presents a case of minor interest. His importance lies in a domain with which I am not equipped to deal: the application of Marxist principles to the history and æsthetics of music.

SIDNEY Finkelstein, one of a small yet fascinating group of American Marxists, is also primarily a critic and sociologist of music. "The forms of music," he writes, "are a product of society.... The validity of a musical form does not rest upon its 'purity,' but upon the easy communication it offers, in its time, for stimulating ideas." In *Art and Society*, however, Finkelstein has ranged more widely, and his book is illustrative of a classical strain in Marxist theory—the alliance between the new culture of the proletariat and ancient folkways. "I have used a philosophic system," he declares:

> It is the body of Marxist thought, which can be described simply as springing from the fact that ideas can only be understood in connection with the material realities of life, and the realities of life can only be understood in terms of their inner conflicts, movement and change. Karl Marx and Frederick Engels say, "Men, developing their material production and their material intercourse, alter, along with their real existence, their thinking and the products of their thinking. Life is not determined by consciousness but consciousness by life." This is the general approach I have tried to apply to art.

The art forms in which Finkelstein sees the most enduring value, are those which are rooted in popular modes. Thus, he argues that Bach's fugal style derived its strength and clarity from the fact that it was based on the division into voices and contrapuntal parts of current folk song. Correspondingly, much of the best in American literature—Mark Twain, Whitman, Sandburg, Frost—would stem from folk rhetoric and the tradition of the popular ballad. Finkelstein discerns in the abstraction and "difficulty" of modern art a direct consequence of the estrangement between the individual artist and the masses. He concurs with Engels in believing that this estrangement was brought on by the commercial æsthetics of the bourgeoisie. Revolted by the "tawdry cheapness" (Ezra Pound's phrase) of bourgeois taste, artists of the late 19th and early 20th centuries lifted anchor and put out to sea. There they dwell in a world increasingly private and increasingly divorced from the maturing energies of communal life.

But in stubborn dissent from Zhdanovite orthodoxy, Finkelstein persists in admiring such lone voyagers as Schoenberg, Proust, and Joyce. He regards *Ulysses* not as Radek did in 1934—"A heap of dung, crawling with worms, photographed by a cinema apparatus through a microscope"—but as a tragic, perhaps self-defeating protest against the "shallowness and dishonesty of the tons of verbiage" disgorged by the commercial literature of the day. One of Finkelstein's most original notions bears on the nature of romanticism. He seeks to distinguish between negative and positive strains in romantic sensibility. With the former he associates Dostoevsky. This is a point of some importance. The problem of how to approach Dostoevsky is the moment of truth in all Marxist criticism. Not even Lukács has been able to disengage himself from the Leninist and Stalinist condemnation of the Dostoevskyan world view as one implacably hostile to dialectical materialism. A Marxist critic who dealt with the works of Dostoevsky, prior to 1954, was by that mere action giving proof of real courage and independence. In reference to *The Brothers Karamazov*, Finkelstein says of Dostoevsky that

> by emphasising the irrational over the rational, hinting at subconscious drives which could be neither understood nor controlled, he led to the climax of romanticism in which the artist and human being cut himself off completely from the world as unreal.

In the poetry of Aragon, on the other hand, he sees the "positive value of romanticism," its kinship with the liberal instincts and sensuous vitality of the masses.

One could examine a host of other figures among critics and historians of literature to

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illustrate varying strategies within the larger context of the Marxist tradition. But the essential point can be made quite simply: outside the rigid bounds of Party ideology, there are numerous critics and philosophers of art whose work is either centrally or in substantial measure conditioned by the dialectical method and historical mythology of Marxism. Among them there are theoreticians and practical critics whom anyone seriously concerned with literature ignores at his peril.

III

THE struggle between Leninist orthodoxy and para-Marxism is bitter and incessant. It has compelled Soviet publicists to query the writings of Engels himself. They cannot accept his distinction between Balzac and Zola and yet adhere, at the same time, to Lenin's axiom that the supreme virtue of art lies in its explicit revolutionary bias. Hence Boris Reizov's curious and tormented book, *Balzac the Writer*. Once again, it takes up the vexed problem of the Harkness letter concerning which, as Fadeyev ruefully conceded in his "Notes on Literature" (February, 1956), "some confusion reigns." It will be recalled, that Engels judged Balzac "a far greater master of realism than all the Zolas, *passés, présents et à venir*." He did so despite the fact that Balzac was a Legitimist and a Catholic of a sombre and reactionary cast:

> That Balzac thus was compelled to go against his own class sympathies and political prejudices, that he *saw* the necessity of the downfall of his favourite nobles, and described them as people deserving no better fate; and that he *saw* the real men of the future where, for the time being, they alone were to be found—that I consider one of the greatest triumphs of Realism, and one of the grandest features in old Balzac.

Out of this famous passage has arisen the theory of dissociation between ideology and poetic vision. "The history of literature," remarks Lucien Goldmann, "is full of writers whose thought was rigorously contrary to the sense and structure of their work (among many examples, Balzac, Goethe, etc.)." But at the same time, this pronouncement by Engels and its corollary—"The more the opinions of the author remain hidden, the better for the work of art"—pose a drastic challenge to the Leninist ideal of Party literature. If a reactionary novelist, in fact, achieves greater realism than one whose views were explicitly "progressive," the entire conception of the ideological commitment of art is put in doubt. To resolve this dilemma, Reizov is compelled to infer that Engels may have been mistaken (one need hardly comment on the weight of anxiety behind such a supposition). He perceives in Balzac's world view

> direct links with the revolutionary philosophy of the French Encyclopædists. . . . Balzac remains a true successor of the French revolutionary philosophers—whatever his own political declarations.

Historically, of course, this is nonsense. But it does constitute a desperate attempt to reconcile Engels' views and, *a fortiori*, those of Lukács, with Leninist orthodoxy. For as Valentin Asmus wrote, in an important paper on "Realism and Naturalism" (*Soviet Literature*, March, 1948), Lenin, in contrast to Engels, saw in a "direct and frank assertion" of tendentiousness "the chief difference between the proletarian writer and the bourgeois apologist of capitalism."

That the "proletarian writer" has, until now, produced little of enduring value, is a fact of which Soviet critics are recurrently aware. In his notorious intervention at the second Congress of Soviet Writers in 1955, Solokhov ventured to assert that it was the principal task of contemporary Russian literature to escape from official mediocrity and render itself worthy of its inheritance. This has also been Lukács' persistent contention. Hence his unwillingness to deal, at any length, with Russian fiction and poetry of the Stalinist era. But to an orthodox critic such an attitude verges on treason. If Lenin is right, even the most mediocre of post-revolutionary literature is intrinsically more useful to the modern reader than are classics written under feudalism or the rule of the bourgeoisie. As Zhdanov categorically proclaimed: Soviet literature is, by definition, "the richest in ideas, the most advanced, and the most revolutionary." A critic who devotes the vast

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majority of his writings to the works of Schiller, Goethe, Balzac, Pushkin, and Tolstoy is obviously yielding to counter-revolutionary tendencies.

This is the crux of the long-muffled but now open and murderous campaign being waged against Lukács by the Communist hierarchies of eastern Europe. Lukács' brief rôle in the Hungarian insurrection merely dramatised or, to use a Marxist term, "objectified" the inevitable conflict between an orthodox and a para-Marxist interpretation of history. Joseph Revai, the Hungarian Zhdanov, launched the assault on Lukács in 1950. In a pamphlet entitled *Literature and Popular Democracy*, he asks:

> What could Hungarian literature gain from the pass-word given it by Lukács in 1954: "Zola? No, Balzac!"? And what could it gain from the slogan put forward by Lukács in 1948: "Neither Pirandello nor Priestley, but Shakespeare and Molière"? In both instances—nothing.

Lukács' concentration on Balzac and Goethe, suggests Revai, is dangerously obsolete. The dissociation between a writer's ideology and his actual works is no longer admissible. If a novelist seeks to convey an adequate image of reality, he must, indeed he can only, do so within the tenets of Marxist-Leninism. Revai hints that, in the final reckoning, Lukács places "pure" (or "formalistic") literary canons above Party and class interests. From this would logically follow his inability to recognise the pre-eminence of Soviet literature.

ON THE surface, this might appear as a debate between a Zhdanovite hack and a great critic. But the real conflict lies deeper. It is, once again, a confrontation between the "Engelian" and the Leninist conceptions of art and the rôle of the artist in a revolutionary society. Lefebvre saw this as early as 1953. Taking issue with Lukács, he went on to state in his *Contribution à l'esthétique* that Engels had not yet grasped the problem of Party literature. The whole debate has been further clarified in the aftermath of the Hungarian uprising. In a recent pronouncement, Revai charges Lukács with being one of those who "under the guise of the struggle against Zhdanovism" (a struggle rendered semi-respectable by the "thaw" in the Soviet Union), "in fact are trying to destroy Leninism." If we understand by "Leninism" the theory of literature outlined in 1905, Revai is undeniably right. For that is a theory which neither Lukács, nor any other responsible critic, can accept.

In only one domain has there been a *rapprochement* between orthodox and para-Marxist criticism. During the period of "de-Stalinisation," the forbidden ground of Dostoevskyan studies was reopened to Marxist scrutiny. We owe to this fact a distinguished essay by Vladimir Yermilov (*Soviet Literature*, February, 1956). Its critical assumptions are plainly derived from Engels. Yermilov observes a radical dissociation between Dostoevsky's sense of human suffering and his hostility "to any attempt to find effective ways of struggling for the liberation of man from that injury and insult." He seeks to substantiate this general interpretation by a close reading of *The Idiot*. Acutely, he sees in that novel a parable on the cruel majesty of money and a "right-wing critique of capitalism." In points of detail, Yermilov is often indiscriminate. One relinquishes his essay with the odd feeling that *The Idiot* is a posthumous work by Balzac. But there is no doubt that Yermilov's conclusion represents a notable change in the tone of Soviet criticism:

> Mankind cannot overlook a writer who, in spite of the official lies of his time and reactionary tendencies in his own outlook, found in himself the strength to protest against humiliation and insult.

To find a comparable acknowledgment, one must go back to Lunacharsky and the Dostoevsky centennial of 1920–1921.

A few months after the appearance of Yermilov's essay, French orthodox criticism followed suit. G. Fridlander's discussion of *The Idiot* (*La nouvelle critique*, May, 1956) contains little of importance. He too believes that the "progressive reader" will know how to distinguish between Dostoevsky's accurate depiction of social and psychological conflicts in bourgeois society and his erroneous, re-

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actionary point of view. The startling element in the piece comes at the outset. Here, Fridlander finds it necessary to inform his Communist reader that Dostoevsky was born in such and such a year, that he spent some time in Siberia, and that he wrote a number of novels among which *Crime and Punishment*, *The Idiot*, and so on. Such candour speaks volumes.

IV

THE problems we have touched upon so far are internal; they engage Party doctrine and varying modes of dissent. Let us now ask the larger question: what have Marxism, as a philosophy, and dialectical materialism, as a strategy of insight, contributed to the resources of the literary critic? To what aspects of the Marxist performance will a future Saintsbury address himself when writing a history of modern criticism?

First, there is the concept of dissociation—the image of the poet as Balaam speaking truth against his knowledge or avowed philosophy. "There is nothing absurd," argues Goldmann, "in the notion of a writer or poet who does not apprehend the *objective* significance of his own works." Between his explicit ideology and the representation of life which he in fact conveys, there may be a contradiction. Engels put forward this idea with reference to Goethe and Balzac. It throws light also on Cervantes and Tolstoy—whether we approach the latter via Lukács or Sir Isaiah Berlin. Thus, in both *Don Quixote* and *Anna Karenina* the rhetoric of prior intent goes against the grain of the actual narrative. In a good deal of major literature, we are made aware of the latent paradox and tension generated by such internal contrariety. Hence the curious, but suggestive, affinities between a Marxist reading of Balzac and William Empson's recent revaluation of *Tom Jones*. Where Empson perceives the complex play of irony, the Marxist would observe a dialectical conflict between a poet's thesis and his actual vision of things.

Secondly, there is the intricate, yet ultimately persuasive, distinction which Marxist theory draws between "realism" and "naturalism." It goes back to Hegel's reflections on the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Hegel found that in the Homeric epics the depiction of physical objects, however detailed and stylised, did not intrude upon the rhythm and vitality of the poem. Descriptive writing in modern literature, on the other hand, struck him as contingent and lifeless. He threw out the illuminating hint that the industrial revolution and the correlative division of labour had estranged men from the material world. Homer's account of the forging of Achilles' armour or the making of Odysseus' raft presupposes an immediacy of relationship between artisan and product which modern industrial processes no longer allow. Compared to Homeric or even to medieval times, modern man inhabits the physical world like a rapacious stranger. This idea greatly influenced Marx and Engels. It contributed to their own theory of the "alienation" of the individual under capitalist modes of production. In the course of their debate with Lassalle and of their study of Balzac, Marx and Engels came to believe that this problem of estrangement was directly germane to the problem of realism in art. The poets of antiquity and the "classical realists" (Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, Balzac) had achieved an organic relationship between objective reality and the life of the imagination. The "naturalist," on the other hand, looks upon the world as upon a warehouse of whose content he must make a feverish inventory. "A sense of reality," says a contemporary Marxist critic, "is created not by a reproduction of all the features of an object but by a depiction of those features that form the essence . . . while in naturalistic art—because of a striving to achieve an elusive fullness—the image, also incomplete, places both the *essential* and the *secondary*, the unimportant, on the same plane."

This distinction is far-reaching. It bears on the decline of French realism after Balzac and Stendhal, and tells us something of Zola's obsessive attempt to make of the novel an index for the world (the catalogue of cheeses in *Le ventre de Paris*). By virtue of it, we

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may discriminate between the "realism" of Chekhov and the "naturalism" of, say, Maupassant. Through it, also, we may ascertain that *Madame Bovary*, for all its marvels, is a much slighter affair than *Anna Karenina*. In naturalism there is accumulation; in realism what Henry James called the "deep-breathing economy" of organic form.

THIRDLY, Marxism has sharpened the critic's sense of time and place. In so doing, it has carried forward ideas initiated by Sainte-Beuve and Taine. We now see the work of art as rooted in temporal and material circumstance. Beneath the complex structure of the lyric impulse lie specific historical and social foundations. The Marxist sensibility has contributed a sociological awareness to the best of modern criticism. It is the kind of awareness realised, for example, in Lionel Trilling's observation that Dostoevskyan plots originate in crises in monetary or class-relationships. Through the perspective implicit in Marxism, moreover, historians and critics of literature have been led to a study of the audience. What can be said, historically and sociologically, of the Elizabethan spectator? In what respect was the Dickensian novel a calculated response to the evolution of a new reading public? Without the presence of the Marxist element in the "spirit of the age," such critics as L. C. Knights, Q. D. Leavis, and Richard Hoggart might not have arrived at their own understanding of the social dynamics of art.

The final point is the most difficult to make. It may give rise to misunderstanding however cautiously I put it. But it is simply this: Marxist-Leninism and the political régimes enacted in its name take literature *seriously*, indeed desperately so. At the very height of the Soviet revolution's battle for physical survival, Trotsky found occasion to assert that "the development of art is the highest test of the vitality and significance of each epoch." Stalin himself deemed it essential to add to his voluminous strategic and economic pronouncements a treatise on philology and the problems of language in literature. In a Communist society the poet is regarded as a figure central to the health of the body politic. Such regard is cruelly manifest in the very urgency with which the heretical artist is silenced or hounded to destruction. This constant preoccupation with the life of the mind would alone serve to distinguish Marxist autocracy from other species of totalitarianism. To shoot a man because one disagrees with his interpretation of Darwin or Hegel is a sinister tribute to the supremacy of ideas in human affairs—but a tribute nevertheless.

Let us, moreover, distinguish Marxism and the philosophy of art of Marx and Engels from the concrete actualities of Stalinist rule. If we do so, the dread gravity of the Marxist view of literature should remind us of certain truths which few Western critics, with the exception of Ezra Pound and Dr. Leavis, seem willing to affirm. The health of language *is* essential to the preservation of a living society. It is in literature that language is most truly challenged and guarded. A vital critical tradition, vital even in its polemics, is not a luxury but a rigorous need. The abandonment of values under the pressures of commercialism (the failure of the journalist-critic to discriminate between art and *kitsch*) does contribute to a larger decay. For all its obscurantism and inhumanity, the Marxist conception of literature is neither academic, in the manner of some of the "New Criticism" practised in America, nor provincial, as is so much of current English criticism. Above all, it is not frivolous. The genuine Marxist critic—as distinct from the Zhdanovite censor—cannot look upon literature in the light of that French idiom, proverbial of frivolity, *ce n'est que de la littérature*.

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Roy Lewis and Rosemary Stewart

The Men at the Top

Executive Suite—British Style

THE top British business man is the man nobody knows. In sharp contrast to his American counterpart, novels about him, biographies of him, even statistical studies into his origins, attitudes, politics or pay, are exceedingly few. It is almost as if British biographers, sociologists, and novelists have decided that he is not worth knowing. Private enterprise, probably to the British top executives' deep relief, remains private. We know far more about the motives, habits, and most intimate arcana of primitive peoples in New Guinea and elsewhere than we do of the denizens of the executive suites in Unilever House, or of the directors' offices of the Allsorts Engineering Works at the bottom of the road. To study their way of life outside the covers of economic textbooks is to launch oneself on an exercise in anthropology with the scantiest data to go on. All that a pilot study like this can hope to do is to open up the subject to those who are properly qualified (and financed) to descend imperiously on directors' offices and homes with questionnaires, stopwatches, stethoscopes, sphygmometers, tape-recorders, etc., and reduce life at the top to a series of scientific equations.

MEANWHILE, all assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, we do know that it is a very enjoyable life. Though many business men complain that people nowadays "are unwilling to shoulder the burdens of Responsibility," and many affect the air of the weary titan themselves, all the evidence points to the fact that they find the burden thoroughly enjoyable, or at least infinitely desirable.

What is the satisfaction, what the fascination, of lives that are nowadays said to be loaded with overwork, worry, and responsibility? Money is almost the sole answer of the economist; and it is certainly true that, outside the top ranks of the entertainment profession, the average top executive is the best-paid man in the country. Pay and perks must, of course, be taken together; in theory, under the British system of progressive income tax, it is very difficult, however much you earn, to achieve much above £8,000 a year in take-home pay. But this by no means restricts top business men, in the smaller as well as the larger firms, to an £8,000 standard of life. Taking one expense item with another, it is perfectly possible to enjoy—if that is the word, and it probably is—a £10,000 to £20,000 standard of life in Britain today on one's directorial emoluments, without having to draw on capital or rely on capital appreciation to fill the gap (though a top business man is hardly worth the name if he does not, in fact, reap a substantial appreciation of his personal capital even if he did take a toss last September). A few outstanding men—not, of course, industrialists, but those in the take-over bid game—can become millionaires, much as their Victorian forbears did, and even as quickly. But in general it is now easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a British—as opposed to a Greek or

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South American or Syrian—business man to become a multimillionaire.

It is not to be denied that people still go into business to make money; that the making of money is an immense pleasure; that the business man wants to handle as much of it, and keep as much of it, as he can. He may rarely admit this, but in few will the repudiation of any interest in money be quite sincere, though there are no doubt a minority who can say with Cobden

"What is all this yearning after? I can scarcely give myself a satisfying answer. Surely not for money; I feel a disregard for it, and even a slovenly inattention to its possession, that is quite dangerous.... I do not think that the possession of millions would greatly alter my habits of expense."

But there are strict limits on how much money a business man can expect to make, and he often reaches these limits fairly quickly.

If making money is no longer an overriding and permanent incentive, what others are there? Fame is hardly the spur. A few business men achieve notoriety, but not if they are successful. The fame attaching to a successful business career is very modest. Hence those who wish for public recognition have to seek it outside business—in politics, public works, or philanthropy. This search may have unfortunate effects for their subordinates: the business whose chairman or managing director is kept waiting for a public honour, which he feels has been too long delayed, is likely to suffer from a rapid turnover of top executives. Sir John, unless he now wishes to become Lord, is often a much more relaxed and easy man to work for. "Gongs" have in the past not been awarded for business success as such; only for the good which a man has done with the money he has made, or the influence he has secured. This is tending to change, and many business men wish the change could be speeded up, arguing that to do the necessary outside committee work, like the vigil before knighthood in medieval times, is rather meaningless and distracts a man from his proper job. They say that now there is so little to be made out of business, it should, in the matter of honours, be put on more of an equality with the civil service. They argue that their productive record may be as good as, or better than, that of many civil servants, and probably worth far more to the nation than the running of a few philanthropic works. "Just because Bill runs the Homes for Khaki British Babies," they growl, "he gets his K. What about those two power stations I got for British industry in Byelo-Russia this year? A cool ten million. Don't they think that's worth anything?"

WHAT can be said of power? The head of a £20,000,000 soap firm no doubt has power; but a successful career in politics or the trade union movement is today likely to yield a man far more power than a career in business. Though some industries, and even certain large firms, are of national importance, their heads can no longer expect to be able to exert pressure on governments; the days of great business autocracies are over. A small group of newspaper proprietors can perhaps claim considerable influence with the public, but this influence is probably in most matters in inverse proportion to the commercial success of their product. It is almost unthinkable today that a business man could make a private treaty with a foreign government, duly ratified by its parliament, as Sir William Lever did with Belgium over concessions to his firm in the Congo in 1911, and derive a very special thrill from it:

My happiness (wrote Lever) is my business. I can see finality for myself, and end, an absolute end; but none for my business. There one has room to breathe, to grow, to expand, and the possibilities are boundless. One can go to places like the Congo, and organise, organise, organise, well, very big things indeed. But I don't work at business only for the sake of money. I am not a lover of money as such and never have been. I work at business because business is life. It enables me to do things.

It certainly enabled Rhodes to do even bigger things than it did Lever; but business

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men are unlikely again to find themselves part of the scramble for Africa, or the conquest of the American frontier. Indeed, no business can now dominate a colonial or semi-colonial country; and the *burra sahib* of yesterday is today the bowing and sirring commercial delegate of London Office in the presence of the new Asian or African Prime Minister. At Abadan the mighty oil companies were shown that they existed only on terms that suited the foreign government; today they are leaning backward to be purely commercial. British oil companies with British government directors indeed take orders to close down their Israel departments at the brusque behest of the Sheikh or Sultan. 'Importance' the bustling British top oil executive can feel, as he hurries to and fro in the service of the oil business; but power to organise, organise, organise—well, very big things indeed? No; this is a matter for the Foreign Office.

The belief still lingers in some circles that big business men do, both individually and as a group, exert great and sinister power behind the scenes of public life. In the inter-war years socialist writers discussed how to prevent a business men's *coup* against attempted nationalisation. The last ten years have shown how vastly they over-estimated their opponents. Nationalisation, high company and estate taxes, restrictions on selling in the home market, and anti-monopoly legislation have all, as we have seen, demonstrated the limitations of business men's influence on the government. As Professor Hayek pointed out long ago, the power of the minor official is shown to be greater than that of the big business man. Shaw's Undershaft never existed in the flesh even in the days when governments were pinning decorations on Hiram Maxim for every advance he made in gunsmithery. Today the business man who wants scope for policy-making on a national scale must go (like Lord Mills) into politics (and some day, perhaps, into the nationalised industries). Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, as Colonial Secretary, had far more power—for good and ill—than as Lord Chandos, Chairman of Associated Electrical Industries, he will ever have again. Business political influence is in fact exerted through pressure groups, which are composed of the trade associations concerned, such as the National Union of Manufacturers, and which appeared, according to Mr. J. D. Stewart's study, to be little more successful in their objects in recent years than bodies like the Anti-Cruel Sports Society.

Power in business is, in fact, limited and confined, but in the small world of the individual firm or industry it gives enough scope and pleasure to many men whose ambitions are moderate and practical. Men with the abilities to make a success of politics often say they prefer business because, though the stage is smaller, one has greater power in that smaller area and therefore more chance of getting things done in one's own way. Many men would rather double the size of a firm than spend half a lifetime over the compromises necessary to get a few bills through Parliament—bills which will become law in a form very different, perhaps, from that first planned in hope. Business, with all its hazards, is more predictable, more under control: success is more probable for the man with flair than in most other avocations.

THE pleasure of top business is very much the pleasure of a game, as many have noticed; a game of poker to be played for its thrills as much as for its rewards, though to impart the thrills the stakes must be fairly high. The essence of adventure is risk. Some find it in physical danger. Some in politics. Others find it in deals and financial speculations, great or small, in which their wealth, sometimes their livelihood, and occasionally their reputations are staked. Even if the money is not your own, big deals are still immensely exciting; the audience is a select circle of other business men who well know who has come out on top. In this sense fame is the spur, not public fame, but the knowledgeable appreciation and—perhaps sweetest of all—fear of rivals and colleagues. Failure means adverse comment in financial

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circles in the know—and bad failure may even mean a row with the shareholders and unpleasant publicity.

As in other occupations, to be in the top rank in business is its own reward apart from any other advantages it confers. The bigger the business, the greater the pleasure of arriving and in the recognition of others that you have arrived. This is of outstanding importance to some men, and it is a rare man who does not enjoy it. In Britain adulation for the successful business man is more muted than in America, but in narrower circles it is there to be enjoyed. The sense of pride in achievement is, however, as common here as in America. It may be remembered that the thing which kept Mr. Bullard, the key figure in Cameron Hawley's story *Executive Suite*, going, for instance,

"was his terrific pride in himself—the driving urge to do things that no other man on earth could do. He saved the company when everyone else had given up. He built a big corporation in an industry where everyone said only small companies could succeed. He was only happy when he was doing the impossible—and he did that only to satisfy his own pride."

The fact that work is a sort of game for those at the top rather than a form of compulsory activity is, as Lord Halsbury has suggested with shrewdness, that which divides them from those lower down. As one managing director confessed to *Scope*: "I never have a dull moment in my business. But if I was one of many I don't think it'd be such fun." Because work is such fun to the boss, he can work long hours absorbed, happy, and tireless. Few bosses realise, however, that they enjoy this pleasure at the expense of everyone else; that, lower down, to do half the boss's stint is thrice as tiring. On the contrary, it is a wonder to most business men who have wealth and sit permanently in the driver's seat that everyone else—at least among their executives—is not just as "keen." Bosses commonly talk of "shared adventure" of their enterprise. Yet it cannot really be shared—though nobody will dare to tell the boss that horrid truth. For someone else to have the authentic thrill the boss must give up the steering-wheel for a bit.

For this reason one of the greatest incentives to get to the top in a large organisation (though it is never mentioned in books on business) is the desire to reduce the number of people above one; to escape to an increasing degree from the frustrations of being bossed, from the harassment of having to placate and impress one's superior. The higher you get, the jollier life becomes, care and responsibility notwithstanding.

Put positively, the urge to get to the top may be strongly influenced by the desire to get one's ideas carried through instead of having them squashed or spoiled, ignored or mislaid in the management hierarchy above one. Even the ablest brains must wait in a large company before they can push through the top crust. A senior manager in the United States was asked what opportunity his company provided for a Winston Churchill to have a top post at thirty. The answer was, none; yet Churchill at thirty was a cabinet minister. The great attraction of the small company is that this barrier is so much thinner, and can indeed be narrowed down to a personality or two who can be persuaded or fought, hated and put down. According to Dr. Alexander Kennedy, writing in *The Lancet*, the man who is trying to get a new idea across has to use many times as much energy as the man who wishes merely to obstruct him passively—a fact of which the insecure senior, past his prime, makes abundant use.

While many business men frankly admit that business is a game, they do not of course admit that it is just a game; they readily combine gamesmanship with lofty views of the value to the community of their play. Lord Rhondda, for example, said:

"I am out for the game and not for the stakes, and while I admit I find business a very fascinating game, I contend that by increasing the means of subsistence of the people, I have in the aggregate contributed more to the material happiness and well-being of Welsh colliery workers and their

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families than have all the miners' leaders combined, though moved by the best intentions."

Many managers are, however, content with more purely professional incentives. These are apparently more in evidence in manufacturing than in trading or finance. They touch the specialist, particularly if he be a scientist or engineer. The works manager may take a professional pride in *his* week's output; he may experience a craftsman's sense of well-being when production of crank-shafts at last goes over 10,000. But the professional satisfaction is largely a *management* incentive, and even there it has, perhaps, been overrated by those who want to make out that management has become a profession like medicine or law. For men at the top the professional incentive, in so far as it exists, seems to be inextricably mixed with other motives. Samuel Courtauld wrote, some years ago,

"Live industrialists are inspired by the desire which inspires active men in every career; the desire to try out their ideas, to prove themselves the best men in their profession, to be in command of the best run and the most efficient enterprises which will contribute to the general well-being and progress of the community as well as to their own reputations."

Often business men will argue that their real motives are simply those of responsibility to the job to which fate has called them; a responsibility to the public, to the workpeople and to the shareholders. Business men with these feelings share the inner, compulsive drive of the senior civil servant to keep affairs moving. They will recognise their own Kafkaesque mentality in this description by C. K. Munro of the motive-power that lies behind the devoted work and extra-trade union hours of the departmental administrator:

"One's official work . . . can be regarded as a tremendous and continuing task which is never finished. At any given moment there are parts of it just finished, parts half done, parts just begun. Subconsciously one is always trying to get this great task done; but it is never done. So one drives oneself along, day after day, to reach a point which is ever receding."

THE criteria for success in business provide one of the strongest arguments against regarding management, certainly top management, as a profession, however powerfully professional motives may move some of its practitioners. Success in business is primarily a matter of getting on, making money and, in a large company, being promoted rather than doing good work for its own sake and irrespective of who gets the credit. In a large firm a man's position on the promotion ladder is the mark of his success, not necessarily how well he does his job. Hence the emphasis is on promotion, and a manager who does not get promoted tends to be regarded as a failure and, unless he is unusually philosophic, to regard himself as a failure *as a business man.*

Any observant visitor to large firms must be struck by the variety of the status symbols which in some companies are used to distinguish each tier in the organisation. The commonest is the eating-place. Separate eating-places will usually be provided for manual workers, staff and senior management, or directors. But there may be as many as six or seven grades of eating-place, and one company known to us was even thinking of introducing five different managers' dining-rooms to enhance the sense of rank and emphasise the value of promotion. Office furniture, particularly the type of desk and whether there is a carpet and hat-stand—distinctions which have proverbially obsessed the civil service—is now often a reliable index to rank in private industry.

There are many other status symbols which the innocent abroad in the world of big business may not suspect: where one parks one's car (and what make of car one has), which entrance one may come in by, whether one can press the directors' lift bell, and which lavatory one uses. There are usually several grades of lavatory in any sizeable business house, and directors and a few other privileged élite may have a special one

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to which they have a key. Indeed the lavatory is one of the most important status symbols, as to meet a junior employee in the place of common humanity would be an affront to dignity.

The badges of rank may be awarded to all members of a particular grade; but they may also develop without official encouragement and even in many subtle ways in opposition to a company policy which discourages them. They will then tend to be not so much an alternative to economic incentive as an external support for authority and especially as a protection against feelings of insecurity. There seems to be a general belief that, in the anonymity of large business organisations, the feeling of insecurity among executives is growing. Since it is harder for a company officer to obtain respect and recognition for his intrinsic qualities as an individual, and even as an able executive initiating policy, he turns to such outward symbols of arrival to protect his position. He does not necessarily lose his need of them at the very top. On the contrary, there are a large number of top business men who depend upon them for reassurance that they really are the big men they are supposed to be.

EVEN if business men admit that their work has many rewards, they will none the less claim that, whether it be a pleasure or toil and sweat, they do their job and work hard at it. Hard work has been their gospel for three hundred years. Many business men are fond of talking of their "fourteen-hour day." How hard, however, does top management in Britain work? It is not possible to give a precise answer. A study of American executives, made by *Fortune*, revealed that the minimum average hours worked by men at the top was 57 to 60 per week, including official entertaining—a flexible item—but when there was a week-end conference or a crisis this could go up to 70 or more. A time-study by Sune Carlson of a small sample of managing directors in Sweden, though it did not give the total hours, suggested that they were very overworked. In Britain the number of hours worked, so far as one can judge, varies enormously from industry to industry and firm to firm. For line managers, a continuous industry like steel (where managers are always on call) means harder work than a factory on a one-shift five-day week. In some companies, both large and small, top executives may work nearly all their waking hours but in others, especially it seems in family businesses and in service trades and finance, a business man may comfortably conduct his organisation and make his pile by working two or three days a week. Even so, such men often plan their deals on the golf course. Some business men, though perhaps a dwindling minority, take pride in being extremely efficient while achieving a maximum of leisure for themselves—leisure to think, to work for the public weal (a long line of business men have combined directorial duties with membership of Parliament or of the Borough or County Council) or merely to enjoy. Some people choose a business career for the leisure it gives. But these are in the minority.

Business men are in general devotees of the gospel of work for work's sake which stems from the puritanism of the 16th and 17th centuries, though this gospel may not be applied in Britain in some businesses with the same zeal as by Americans and Germans. It was the apotheosis of the American business man, Henry Ford, who said the definitive word on the subject:

"I do not believe a man can ever leave his business. He ought to think of it by day and dream of it by night."

British business men echo him. Sir John Craig of Colvilles told *Scope* in an interview:

"I say there is no joy in life to compare with work . . . as I grow older, the pleasure work gives me becomes keener and ever keener. I would rather be at my desk or the works than anywhere in the world."

Nor do British business men admit to working less hard—and certainly not to working any less effectively—than Americans or Germans; and in a high proportion of them can be observed the same masochistic enjoyment in being overworked. The actual proportion

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of the time put into solving purely business problems in the economists' or business consultants' sense is another matter. As John Marsh, director of the Industrial Welfare Society, has pointed out, "the late hours and seemingly important social engagements at which the chief executive is present, are often due to a desire to keep one's end up rather than to further an immediate project."

The owner of a small business will tend to work longer hours because he carries all the responsibility and makes all the decisions, and also because he has to search harder for the information he needs. The top manager in a big business, who has so much laid on to his palatial office, may have to spend more time on community affairs and on industrial activities outside his own company; though in industry as elsewhere there is a distinction between the men who are on everything and those who keep their leisure for the garden or their family. Once a business man concedes that, for business or other reasons, he must take an active part in public affairs, a great variety of bodies will claim his time—even leaving on one side the charities in which a few business men take an interest. There are the trade associations to which his firm belongs, and at a national level the F.B.I., the B.I.M. and such bodies as the Ministry of Labour National Joint Advisory Council. Such committee work can choke his engagement book and swallow his leisure.

Top managers usually work longer hours than their subordinates; some of them worry even more. If they do not take work home in their brief-cases, they almost certainly take it home in their heads. Running a business requires more of a chess-player's mentality than it used to do. Once it was enough to watch the market and worry about the ups and downs of the prices of materials and finished goods. Today there is the maze of restrictions which must be related to every move: restrictions on where a firm can build and what, how much money it can raise, where it may sell, how it may describe its goods, and what it may charge for them. Much of top management's job is still finding out what restrictions lie in the way of each shot down the fairway. Often still more important for the manufacturer are the trade union restrictions; the new theory of management requires that all new projects—such as changing a model, shifting work to another factory, putting in automation—must be discussed with workpeople. To many business men, especially small men, who are out of sympathy with modern trends, these government and trade union restrictions together may exert an almost unbearable strain on their blood pressure. Nor are these the sum of the limitations on a business man's freedom of action in his own factory or office. In the more democratic atmosphere in some sections of industry today, the man at the top often has to consult, not only the trade unions, but even his junior officers. In America, where group management is the vogue, this means, as *Fortune* has pointed out in *The Executive Life*, that:

"'You have to ask *a guy now' goes a characteristic complaint. 'You can't tell him. It would be a lot easier than all this damn sitting and talking, but if you did—well, nobody would co-operate and the thing wouldn't get done right.' All of which makes for more, and harder, work. Democracy, as executives can observe, is a lot more fun when you are going up than when you get there."*

However, such group management has not yet penetrated very deeply into British business.

The main worry of the top executive manager has ceased for some years to be either production or profits or even selling: it is people and their growing cussedness. We have heard business men say that the most saddening news about automation was the claim of Mr. John Diebold and its other exponents that it would not make workpeople redundant. If only it would! The thought that on top of the job of putting it in comes the job of re-training a lot of British workmen to do something different fills some business men with gloom. In an article in *Fortune* entitled "What Corporation Presidents Think About at Night,"

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John L. McCaffrey, then president of International Harvester, said:

"The biggest trouble with industry is that it is full of human beings. The longer you are a president, the more firmly that fact will be riveted in your mind. That is why you will lose sleep.

You will learn to your sorrow that, while a drill press never sulks and a drop hammer never gets jealous of other drop hammers, the same cannot be said for people. You will learn that a turret lathe may run one part for ten years without affecting its ability to be switched at any time to another part. But men are not that way. . . .

Some chairmen and directors in Britain (as elsewhere) get along pretty well, however, without worrying too much about human beings. City magnates, of course, have few contacts with factory folk. But even industrialists sometimes hardly realise that there is a problem, since they model their high command on the simple Oriental pattern of an autocrat surrounded by yes-men. This may mean that they will have to spend a good deal of time buying out efficient firms and rigging prices with competitors to offset the managerial inefficiency of the parent stem, but both occupations give agreeable scope for an able and dominating personality. Those who work on the basis of being *primus inter pares* in a team may have an efficient firm, but may spend so much time keeping the human wheels running as to fail to keep out of the clutches of the no-nonsense autocrat with more time to be a business man.

IN ALL this it must be borne in mind that there are business men, and a very considerable proportion of the total, who take their high destiny lightly and find plenty of time for other pursuits. When the business man wants to "get away from it all" he nowadays alone has the money for shooting, hunting, fishing, yachting, or other traditional patrician pastimes, and the money too for the traditional "separate establishment," if his tastes incline that way. It is often said that to the British business man, business is merely a means to an end, as compared with the American business man, for whom business is a way of life. The contrast in these attitudes cannot be escaped in any comparison between British and American management. Yet our impression is that the proportion of British business men who become wholly absorbed in business, and sacrifice leisure and other interests to its demands and its fascination, is growing. Even these may find time for golf, which is the business man's game—partly because it is a game at which he can meet customers, suppliers and colleagues. Although, as has been said above, plenty of business heads take far more than the traditional fortnight in the year away from their offices, a very large number take no more, and are continually amazed that young executives, fresh from university with their way all to make, want three weeks.

Indeed, the young executive who gets near enough to the top to look closely at the lives of some big business men, in some—mainly very large—corporations, may even flinch from the prospect in terms which echo those of the Man in the Grey Flannel Suit:

"I don't think I'm the kind of guy who should try to be a big executive. I'll say it frankly: I don't think I have the willingness to make the sacrifices. I don't want to give up the time. I'm trying to be honest about this. I want the money. Nobody likes money better than I do. But I'm just not the kind of guy who can work evenings and weekends and all the rest of it forever."

But most men in the chairman's or managing director's position have so convinced themselves; some consciously surrender almost all other interests in life on the grounds that their positions call for complete self-dedication—a single-mindedness almost as complete as that of a religion. They consciously reject the hope of being "whole men," certainly of any attempt, with the good things that are theirs, to work out for themselves some part in "the good life"—in doing so they may take as their motto W. B. Yeats's lines, "The intellect of man is forced to choose Perfection of the life, or of the work." They say that

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business today demands such specialisation, such self-immolation, if the job, in everybody's, and particularly in the national interest, is to be done. They echo the American corporation president who said "what you ought to ask me is not how I live, but how I stay alive." Their retort to the Man in the Grey Flannel Suit is that of his own boss:

" 'Someone has to do the big jobs! This world was built by men like me! To really do a job, you have got to live it body and soul! You people who just give half your mind to your work are riding on our backs!' "

To give one's whole mind to the problems of a growing or of a great and established industry may well mean giving none of it to the graces generally—to art, culture, sport, social affairs, to one's family, to personal friendships. Indeed such sacrifices may often be a prerequisite of success. One of the business men interviewed by the American sociologists, Warner and Abegglen, was asked whether he had any close friends, to which he answered:

"Who has any good friends? Maybe one or two but if I left the present company I'd find new ones and the old ones would be forgotten. So would I. Oh sure, I have plenty of friends. I could call any bank president in St. Louis and you'd have dinner with him because of my friendship with him. But it doesn't mean anything. I learned a long time ago not to form close attachments. It is easier to fire the guy when you are moved ahead of him. I think that's very important."

Few business men make such an arid business of life, perhaps: but the degree of self-dedication is frequently remarkable, even in England.

THE strain of being a successful business man is a cliché. It is, of course, no new thing. Yet it is really a matter for surprise. Creative fury in other occupations may exhaust a man temporarily, but the creative artist or craftsman is noted for his vigour; his ability to survive and enjoy exhausting bouts of labour. Business and perhaps the civil service seem to be in a different category. A Dr. Gregg, lecturing to the Royal Institution, noticed this as early as 1875 in Britain and concluded that "success in professional, public and commercial life demands more strenuous and exhausting toil, sterner concentration and a more harsh and rigid sacrifice of the amenities which time offers the easy-going than was formerly the case." Sombart noted that the business man had, however, imposed this type of ceaseless haste, this endless going to the limit of technical or administrative possibilities, upon the world in the 19th century. The concept of the "tired business man," incapable of anything but the lightest amusement in his rare hours of leisure, goes back to the First World War; "management fatigue" to the Second. The business man may claim to have brought leisure and freshness after work to everyone but himself. Once the workmen looked tired when they left the factory gates; now it is the boss who returns to his wife "all in."

"No other profession, apparently, equals business in its power to wear men out. Certainly there was no such generic term as the tired soldier. Politicians lived to a great age. Priests flourished on a meagre diet with flagellation. Farmers bore toil and misfortune, growing stronger. All through the eras of epic carnage and herculean labours, explorers and pioneers kept burly and jolly. Only the effort to organise and calculate brought forth that strange phenomenon, the Tired Man."

concludes Dr. Beard in her history of the business man. The impression is perhaps sketched with a rather broad pencil. But there is something in it.

Yet, for all the talk of ulcers, the business man today, weary as he may be, enjoys goodish health, actuarially speaking. Contrary to public belief, the business man up to the age of fifty-five has a death-rate 2 to 3 per cent lower than that of the average of all male workers. But above fifty-five he has only the same expectation of life as an executive of thirty years ago, although in other male occupations the expectation of life has been increasing steadily.

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Why has the business man in his later fifties not shared in the improvement won by the miracles of modern medicine for others? Is mental strain responsible? In part, the others are simply catching up on where the business man was when he could have the best doctors and a 200-guinea cruise when they imperatively ordered it. But there are two major strains on the business man's health, apart from the overwork with which he indulges himself. One is the unnatural life he leads—mostly sitting, going everywhere in a car driven by someone else, eating, drinking and smoking more than is good for him; few business men train up to the job on carrot-juice, as the stint they set themselves really requires. The other strain is the suppression of irritation which is demanded by the modern business cult to surface pleasantness—a harder mask for the executive than even the ingratiating smile of the salesman. Both these help to account for the business man's diseases—high blood pressure, nervous lesion, diabetes, liver and gall-bladder diseases, hardening of the arteries, and coronary thrombosis. In 1951, these diseases were responsible for one out of four deaths among business men below sixty-four compared to an incidence of one in eight deaths of unskilled workers. The business man is correspondingly less prone to T.B., pneumonia, bronchitis, stomach ulcer, and prostate disorders. Some firms worried about the health of their top executives have made it a rule that they should have a medical overhaul every six or twelve months. Senior members of the Bart Schwartz International Textiles in New York are given a mandatory week's holiday with full pay every seventh week to try and reduce the number of heart attacks and ulcers.

For many senior executives, there is also the strain of keeping up with the job, which diligence or top businessmanship has won, when mental powers begin to decline. "Of the breakdowns which occur (among senior managers)," wrote Dr. Alexander Kennedy recently, "a great number are directly related to a failure to adapt successfully to change or the need for change." And he adds, "among those in senior positions in an organisation, the tendency to hold on to power as such is apt to increase as real capacity diminishes." It is not merely the unsuccessful or failing who break down; "some very successful business men with a very sure touch in their business affairs require in their private lives to be propped up by psychiatrists, astrologers, diets and wives." Some men suffer especially from the fact that their energy comes in waves, but routine is an inexorable daily pressure; the business man cannot throw aside his canvas as an artist can and go for a walking tour when he is drained of virtue; besides the business man may take on more when he is "high" than he can handle when he is "low."

The strain on top executives points to the advisability, in general, of earlier retirement or at least relinquishing of supreme control in the later fifties. Yet many top business men fear retirement more than anything else, even a bad American slump, a Labour Government, or competition, recognising in retirement the most serious danger to health of all. Fear of retirement "for which no mental preparations have been made" is often a cause of breakdown. This problem was not unknown to 19th-century writers on business men. They actually quoted, with melancholy, Cooper's lines:

"Tis easy to resign a toilsome place
But not to manage leisure with a grace."

For a man whose life has been his work and nothing else, the strain of retiring is often greater than that of going on working; retiring to him is the end of life, death.

Indeed, one of the advantages of being the boss is that you can resist retiring, and thus resist becoming old; you merely enjoy what the Americans call "the later maturity." Twenty British directors selected at random were asked by us if they had any plans for retirement; not one had made any. What is golf for its own sake—golf without a business colleague for partner, and a sense of shared and well-earned recreation in preparation for a return to business? It was easier for the

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head of the family firm to retire—though many hung on, and are hanging on, unconscionably—because he could take pleasure in seeing his son continue the line, as a farmer can retire to the inglenook. For the modern top-business bureaucrat there is nothing but demotion to a high-sounding job with minor responsibility, or service on voluntary bodies and institutions. The man who owns his own firm and can work till he dies may well greatly extend his life expectancy, if not that of his firm.

Towards the end of his life, indeed, the successful business man may be up against determined efforts to unseat him and get rid of him. This is not easy, he may comfort himself. Unless his firm is "raided" and he is displaced by take-over bidders, he can usually defeat any internal cabal. Rarely need he fear his shareholders; his job, unlike the Prime Minister's, cannot be terminated by an election—he will not get five years in opposition to freshen himself up.

The determination of top business men not to retire is, however, not merely a consequence of the absorption of their lives in a business. It is also the clearest evidence that chairmen and directors find life at the top with all its penalties enjoyable, exciting, and worthwhile.

Vernon Scannell

Killing Flies

Compelled by their black hum
And accidental mischief, I,
Distracted from my pompous play
With words that twist and tease,
Rolled myself a paper club
And stalked my quick tormentors round
The room until they settled on
The wall, their mortuary slab.
Three I translated with one swipe
From busy bodies into dark
Smudges on my wall
Before I knew my action wrong
And guiltily let fall
The paper truncheon and went back
To where my words like insects bled
And dried upon their paper shroud,
All dead, unquestionably dead.

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John Holloway: Three Sonnets from 'The Gates of Janus'

The Interrogation

Low buildings radiated through a wood.
Bombers had often tried to find the place,
But now those men were dead. The prisoner stood
Before his interrogator face to face.
—"Do not suppose the spirit can evade
The body's travail: it must crumple too,
That total twinning is its proper trade"
("And you?")—"and has its proper end". "*And you?*——"
As one who sees the top card of the pack
Lays down his doom, stops; then calmly does
The only thing, turns it, at last he spoke:
"Prisoner, as judge, my trial . . ." Each one's gaze
Fell on a family face. To each it seemed
Somewhere in the dead wood a green stick gleamed.

A Journey to the Underworld

Sub-basement corridor. The ventilator's hum
Dropped out. Silence. One wave of thought. He knew
The moment of the underworld had come.
And yet, no journey. The remote place grew
Clean up all round, a light-filled surge; it flashed
Sharp as its channel's white-caps after a gale;
And hung like hills, that nurtured flowers, that washed
Clear blue across the sea wind, the harsh soil.
And still silence. The men who reaped that sea
(Its schooling current wrought their livelihood
In changeless intercourse and dignity)
Did not come forward and drink worldly blood
And speak, for such as him . . . He stared no more.
Sternly he drove his task from door to door.

Men and Fish

From lock to lock this yellow sunlight plays
Upon the river and the river-side,
A mellow amiable pastoral blaze.
In between air and earth the fishes glide
And waft among the river's ribbons and
Flick through the weed: gudgeon and pike and dace,
And chub: glumly the fishers squat and stand
And drowse. . . . Both parody the human face.
The hook's the focal point, the pin-eyed bait:
And both apply their proper strategem,
Both attract their polar opposite
And likeness: fish draw fishers, fishers them.
Save for the kill, the fish might line the bank,
And men stock up the sluggish foodless tank.

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Victor Anant

The Revolving Man

A Story

My name is Atma. I write as I live—I know now there are no two ways for me—like a guest at his own wedding. I am thirty-one and was born in a small village in Kerala, South India. To be born a Brahmin, I was told, is to be born wise, born sane, born into a community soaking in a billion years of saintliness. I have no yearning for that kind of saintliness. I cannot accept that there is an unending cycle of birth and death, re-birth and re-death, that detachment is the final release. I know now that I have only one life to live and I must try to live it well in the grey middle reaches, neither draped in the black gown of death nor wrapped in the white shroud of the womb, neither triumphing in a blind communal heroism that seeks to shape the world wholly fraternally nor surrendering to a self-selecting aristocracy that lives aloof from it.

Is it because I was brought up far from my ancestral home, in Bombay, that picaresque port acquired by England as a queen's dowry, that my instinct is for the homeless life? To take off with precision, to land with sanity, both need a measure of integration beyond my means. I am whole and free only during flight. So at thirty-one I am homeless, renouncing extremes for the security I find in being airborne. That is how I have struck my bargain, torn between the frenzied fervour of razor-edged argument and the kneeling-down nothingness of silent contemplation. I shall try and stick to it. For whichever way you look at it the world and you have meaning for each other only as you honour the bargain you have made in just, mutual recognition, with some loss of dignity but some gain in order on both sides. From the moment you go gug-gug-gug at your mother's breast to the moment you go guh-guh-guh god-knows-where the world and you are both claimed and claiming. Mortgage, insurance, or the never-never, you are offered a choice of easy terms.

There is no shame in seeking worldly grace. If you are reasonable it is a fair exchange. Everything is neat and tidy, based on precedent, files stacked in a corner, Acts lawn-laid to the last customary comma, altered by a majority vote, gallup-polled, opposed in Trafalgar Square, reported. You begin with a blood group, height-and-weight chart, time table, district map. When you wear the one-of-us face the mole on your upper lip does not matter. Acknowledge the claim and you are alone no longer. You are given a share in the larger stake, take your place among the great band of claimants, join the feast of men who feast on men.

* * *

My father was a railway servant. It would never have occurred to him to describe himself as an electrical engineer working on the railway. He had three family passes a year, one of which could be used on a "foreign" line and two of which were for what had become to him the "home" line—the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, G.I.P., or "Greatest Inconvenience Possible". During

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our summer vacation we made a long pythonic journey home, more than a thousand miles each way by train, three days and three nights, a bus at the end for another ninety miles, walking across two wooden planks over the river before we were there.

He had joined the railway the year I was born and he retired twenty-five years later in the same grade, the year I left for England, 1952. I emphasise these details because he marked his life according to what happened to his children. He left the village at twenty-one, a year after marriage, knowing that his first child was on the way. For four years he worked in Bombay as a postman, studying at night for a diploma in Electrical Engineering. He shared a room with seven other South Indians. In one corner of that room they chopped vegetables in the evening, cooked mounds of rice, slept shoulder to shoulder, read by one light dangling dimly from a high ceiling; novitiates sharing the same fate. The year my brother was taught the alphabet and ate grains of rice in which he wrote the first letter—speech and food go together in the Brahminic initiation—my father gave up his studies for a higher degree and joined the railway. Meanwhile he had borrowed money to go back to the village and see his first son. When he came back to Bombay he was already thinking of the free travel facilities which go with employment on the railways. His friends advised him against it. "With an L.E.E. you'll never be anything but a drudge there." When he heard I was on the way he ignored their advice and took the decision he had already half-made.

They were right. When he retired they were earning his salary four times over; those who joined after him got quick promotions because they had longer "tails" to their name. For twenty-five years he remained in the same grade of service. Every year he applied for a promotion, six copies of the same letter typed on white foolscap sheets and sent to the Divisional Traffic Superintendent; beginning with "Thro' proper channels—Reference my application for a higher grade"; ending, "Thanking you in anticipation, I beg to remain, Sir, Your most obedient servant." Each year he was interviewed by a Board, and was turned down afresh on the same yellow memo-paper with the same words of rejecting kindness, damned and baited, "Without prejudice to any further applications you may make."

He told this story without bitterness, counting the beads of blessings on the rosary of his railway service. I remember the last time I heard him tell it. It was the night before I left for England. We sat in the kitchen. As the family grew larger and his three sons grew older father moved from the suburbs to the city near to the best schools and colleges, giving up the luxury of "G" type railway quarters. There were only two rooms in the end, one in which we slept and the kitchen where father and mother lay down in the night. It was nearly the end of the meal, the holy hour in the kitchen when father told stories and was the centre of our circle.

Raju, my elder brother, fairest of the three, slick-moustached, wearing a silk shirt and a Clark Gable smile carefully appropriated from among his many film heroes; he sat close to mother. Myself, still self-consciously playing with my spectacles which for six months I had begun to wear most of the time, uneasy with a growing sense of departure; I sat next to father who kept the food-pans next to him, obstinately refusing to be served. Satyam, the dark, youngest one—after his arrival father gave up trying for the daughter he had desired each one of us to be—in whom all the fanatic, deeply-spiced passion of the South Indian Iyer was concentrated, sitting upright with not one calm oasis in his bare, bony body, pigeon-chest ribbed with anger. Satyam hated me that night, more than he has ever done, before or since. At first he refused to eat with us. "Better to starve than eat with him," he said, pointing at me with the sure finger of a high-caste hate against the outcast. Father brought him into the kitchen saying, "All right, all right, so you are angry with Atma. But should you be angry with your food?" Satyam sat next to me.

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When father told his story he began, "What have I got after twenty-five years of service?" He made the joke he always made when he asked that question. "Only what I had, my three"—meaning us—"which God gave me"—meaning the trinity of his male organs—"nothing changes. This year I shall retire, drawing my provident fund. But I shall apply again. What do they say about the Madrasi? Bombay government-a very good-a—to-day apply, tomorrow reply—Madras government-a no good-a—apply apply, no reply. *Anda ganda, thanda pani.*" (South Indian speech, like the rattle of a pebble in a copper pot, is made fun of all over India, *anda ganda*, the noise we make, and *thanda pani*, meaning cold water.) "*Thanda pani*, then, let them say it. What have I got from the railway? A cake of washing soap every week, paper and pencils when they were expensive, one-sided writing paper for your arithmetic home work." What he gave priority to he brought out last, as he said it reaching a crescendo, "Every-year-one-second-class-free-family-pass-to-go-to-our-native-place."

This was not quite true. He retired, as I have calculated, when he was sixty-one. The age of retirement was fifty-five, in his case officially extended by three years. But when he joined the railway my father had cheated, showing himself three years younger than he actually was. So he had got three years more of service. I knew about that.

THAT we should see our grandmother every year was one of the rules of my father's life. I remember the first trip we made to our native place. Every time we went on that journey it was a repetition of that first journey home. Now I go by air if I must travel, with no sense of adventure, each journey an anonymous one; if I forget my passport when I leave, or the key when I return, or even miss a plane, there is neither excitement nor panic. A quick departure, a sudden unaware arrival in some new place, a necessary return, all these have a practical purpose. But on a long train journey I sometimes experience again a quiet longing for that first pilgrimage. If you want to widen your circle you must keep going back to the centre. The world will never be whole again once you have lost it.

Every trip to the village was organised with a mathematical genius for extracting from dates, timings and connections their best value. It began with the sacred ceremony of hanging up the new year's first calendar. My father had an inexhaustible appetite for two kinds of property. What the railway did not want—waste gauze and rags, scribbling paper of all colours sizes and shapes, copying pencils which were forbidden to us because we wet the points and left indelible marks on our tongues, blue pencils and red pencils which he rationed when he found us drawing too many margins too wide, hand files, screws, nails, fuse wire—was brought home and kept near the coal-bags. The calendars hung in one room, a consecrated community of their own, some with religious pictures, others with large chess-board dates and advertising—"S & K LTD., GROCERS, MUSTARD OIL, TAMARIND—PURE GHEE A SPECIALITY." These were the only decorations on our walls, these and two framed photographs taken through hooded cameras. One, a group picture of the last year students for the Electrical Engineering diploma with their names printed underneath—"Front row, sitting—second row, sitting—back row, standing." Father was third from the left in the back row. "See," pointing to himself, "I may have a flabby body and a big nose now, but ask your mother. I was a handsome fellow then." I never heard mother confirm it. The other was of grandmother sitting in an armchair, the only occasion I have seen her in one.

The holiday campaign began to take shape in his mind as he nailed the first calendar. He stood on a chair, hammer aloft; we handed him the nails, four of them, one by one. It was up. Always slightly crooked, which gave mother an opportunity of reminding him that he was "good for nothing". He turned the leaves. "When do your holidays begin? Friday. That means I must change my off day from Tuesday to Saturday. That's not difficult. Paranjpye has Saturdays. How

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many days leave? One month earned, fourteen days' privilege, one week casual. Once we get there I can get Dr. Krishna Iyer to give me a medical certificate. After all, why not use the three weeks' sick leave we have? They won't give me a bonus if I don't, eh? If we go by Madras Mail it takes twelve hours more. If we catch the Express we have to stay overnight at Madras. Of course, we can avoid that by taking the Blue Mountain. That means getting down at Ernakulam and having the second night's meal out of paper packets. Last year those packets were not good. Reservations I can fix up. There is Goswami at Madras, and Ramanathan can always get A.T.S. to give us a four-berth compartment to ourselves." With each new calendar the plan changed a little. The trains changed, with it the connections, until he alone possessed the final combination when the time came to start. He brought calendars home up to April; after the holiday never, until the next year.

In the large hall in our railway quarters in that dusty junction town thirty-three miles by train from the heart of Bombay, I remember these calendars, two photographs and one item of furniture—a wooden bed on high stands, with a Noah's Ark wooden frame rising above it for the mosquito-net. In the hall, with trunks around him, hold-alls spread out on the bed, he packed the night before we left. He packed neatly using every inch of space by folding clothes to fit the corners first, packed with imagination, keeping towels on top and space for dirty clothes as we accumulated them. But with the same gusto and agitation with which he killed rats.

In the same hall in the middle of the night we had run in to his cry of "Rat, rat, close all the doors. Raju, don't come in; Satyam, go get the stick. Atma, don't stand there looking, either come in or get out. Quick, close the door behind you." The rat got into a corner, near the leg of the bed. He poked it with a stick to make it run into the middle of the room. "Hiding after eating my food." It ran along the leg of the bed; he tapped it down. It ran into the middle of the room; we screamed. Mother shouted, "For heaven's sake let it go. Every other night the same song-and-dance over a rat, and not one night's peace." Father shouted back as he poked and crouched, a towel around his waist, "Better not have a night's peace than let the bastards breed after eating my food." His motive was to get it near a free wall, and then, standing sideways, hurl the stick at it full-in. "Raju, come forward, here, here. I've got it. Damn. Only the tail. Satyam, if it comes your side, throw this pillow at it." Mother screamed, "Not the pillow, not the pillow." Father stood tense. The stick flew from his hand, far too venomously, on a tailless rat. "Ah, what a beauty! My beauty, come for my food, eh? In-car-na-tion of de-struc-tion!" He lifted it up by what was left of the tail, still peering at it through his spectacles now half-way down his nose, waved it in our faces as we drew closer. Mother screamed, "Enough of that. You've woken them up, there's no need to frighten them. There's no need to stand there doing a *kathakali* at midnight with that in your hand." He flung it out of the window. As he wiped the blood on the floor—mother refused to do that—we heard him still cursing, "In-car-na-tion of de-struc-tion."

During the day mother cooked rice, three kinds of rice, three shades of sourness different only in degrees and colours. She gave her heart to the blending of rice and condiments. First, tamarind rice. With nuts in it, cocoanut-based, brownish yellow, with a sourness that would stick in our throats and make us ask for the next course soon. Second, lemon rice. Deceptively yellow, one strain throughout, the colour of *sadhus'* robes, in which salt and sour and bitter were balanced so nicely that it was entirely how you ate it that told you which streak was predominant. It quelled the hunger started up by the first and worked up a slow thirst for the next. Third, curd rice. White as her own cow's-milk skin, perhaps the subtlest course of all because though it was sour in the mouth it left a grudging sweetness behind. These she packed tightly in three layers in a food carrier. A

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brass jug for water and a tin full of crisp rice biscuits flattened on the palm of her hand and fried in smoky-hot oil.

If father collected calendars and railway property mother collected bottles and tins. These she exchanged at the door with house-to-house salesmen for glass jars, clay jars, any vessel that was in fashion. In later years she gave them only for stainless steel pots and plates. Her contribution to the journey was food. Her cooking had ambition beyond the means of the raw material at hand. Given the limitation of our food she tried to give it a character of its own, using tricks she had learnt from her city neighbours to keep a step ahead of the traditional South Indian style of cooking. She strained, but it worked. And even though she said it herself, with an arrogance she could not conceal, it was true that whoever came to our house remembered her coffee and whoever ate of her hand would never forget. They would always come back, she said.

THE coolies who carried our luggage were borrowed from the railway, saving father the regulation price-per-piece that had to be paid to the uniformed porters. "Go ahead with Dondu," he said, "keep the luggage on the platform, but you sit in the waiting room." After packing he counted the pieces several times. "One, two, three, umbrella, yes four, brass jug, flask, three hold-alls, nine, any more?" When the coolies had them on the head, as we were leaving, he stopped them and counted again, seeing that each trunk was locked, pulling again at the leather straps of the hold-alls. He remained behind to dress. For the journey he wore the only white trousers he had—for work he had a pair of khaki shirts and shorts—a clean shirt with the usual two pockets with flaps, a brown jacket which was all that remained of his suit he wore for the group photograph. He went around the house, checking and re-checking that every door was bolted from the inside, every window closed tight, every light and ceiling fan switched off. Sometimes, after locking the front door, he opened it again to make finally sure. I think he never travelled in absolute certainty.

The train was in. There was no sign of father. This happened every time, until years later mother could stand it no longer and refused to go unless he came along. Should we get in or not? We located the compartment with the reservation labels, "P. N. J. Iyer—Upper berth, ditto—Lower berth, ditto—" right at the end of the train. Raju entered, dusted one seat for himself, sat on the green upholstery, jaw in hand, showing us a smiling profile. I stood, hands in pockets, watching the fight for a seat near the toilet in the third class compartment next to us. They pushed, heaved, spat at each other, called each other all the names under the sun. In the first class next to us an Englishman in a dressing gown was having breakfast on a silver tray with a white cloth. Two berths to himself, sitting back in a polished chair. Satyam fretted; swore he could run home and be back in five minutes.

"There's Iyer coming!" A friend of father's who worked on the station shouted, "Only two minutes more, she's got to leave on time because the fifteen-down is due in soon on the same platform. You get in, get the luggage in. *Arre* Dondu, don't stand there, get the luggage in." He ran to speak to the guard. The signal was already down, a long, scarecrow, red-and-white arm pointing impassively. The guard was unrolling his green flag. We spotted the brown coat and the low white trousers, not running, a hop at the most, otherwise the steady side-to-side swaying of his short, round figure. He jumped in, asking me to sit down, closed the door, looked out of the window and waved towards the guard who waved his green flag back. When he made sure the door was closed secure he did not look at us but counted, "One, two, three, where is the umbrella? All right. Nine. Nine in all. Is that correct?" Mother was angry and did not reply. I knew father's secret. On the way to the station he had passed the signalling cabin and shouted to the cabin-man not to give the down-signal until he had reached the platform. What I did not find out till he retired

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was that every year we were accompanied in the third class, on his servant's free pass, by one distant relative or South Indian friend. He would have lost his job if he was caught, but he took that risk.

How old was I on that first journey home to grandmother? How old was she? Perhaps I was eight, or nine, or ten, or perhaps younger; perhaps she was seventy. The age of children and the age of the old is always uncertain, neither modern nor ancient when their faces meet in an innocent but arch half-toothed grin. I knew it was the year in which I recognised for the first time that there was an ancestral cunning in me. Grandmother had the only kind of Brahmin strategy that could have claimed me. It was to her my father was taking me.

II

"THEY are gone, all gone. The man who was beaten and the man who beat him; the men who saw the beating, the man who did not see it; the man who heard the cries, the men who did not hear; the man who attacked the attacker, the man who defended the attacker; the men who judged the case, the man who pronounced judgment; they are all gone. I alone remain." If I had grown up in the ancestral home—Putthanmattom, first initial of my father's name, taking its rightful place in the true order of all South Indian names, first village or house, then the patronymic, third his name and finally caste or surname—would grandmother have told me that story of the court clerk for whom the end of one trial is the beginning of another?

I know it was not the first time I entered that cavernous wooden house, lowering my head at the entrance before I walked into its heavy-ceilinged smugness, its sleepy tortoise-shell security. The second or third perhaps. What I do know is that day mother had seen my aunts—who pretended poverty from the moment we arrived—hiding coffee powder for themselves. She was determined to make a scene of it, eager to expose the grabbing hypocrisy of my father's parental home. "Can't you see how they bleed you?" she asked.

Grandfather had died leaving a huge debt. The house and paddy fields were mortgaged. Every month father sent a third of his salary home to pay back the debt and to redeem our property. Mother said she would never try to prevent this. "But," she added, "don't you want to be sure you are not being cheated?"

"Why don't you ask them now?" she prodded him, "how the debt stands? How many years more do we have to go on paying? What happened to the income from the harvest last year? How many cocoanuts are being sold and at what price? You can't say it's not my affair. It is. It's my children that do without new shoes." She distrusted Sivanna, the astrologer-uncle. "Look at the gold ornaments his wife has. Where do you think the money comes for that? I would like to know. I would also like to know why they have to hide the coffee from us when we share the debt with them. It's my children that suffer ultimately." Father was a cheerfully inadequate opponent in these or any other arguments. He gave in, "for the sake of peace".

Raju was holding mother's hand as they stood listening to the men from behind a door. Sivanna, eagle eyes picking out every scrap of evidence he had kept handy, was giving his usual suave explanation, his sharp, needle tongue stitching an assorted rag-bag of disaster as he went along. "We couldn't harvest the corner fields last year, the seed-grain was ruined in the cellars. We need to buy new storage chests. Where is the money for that? We can't pluck the cocoanut trees more than seven times a year. Who has time to manure them or to plant new ones? You know I make a few coppers casting horoscopes and sometimes have to go on four-day journeys. You know Seshan works half the day in the cloth store. I don't even know how we manage to eat from day to day." And so on.

Grandmother and I were sitting outside in the courtyard; she on the new cement verandah built around Putthanmattom that year, I in the soft, sawdust sand, pouring it through my hands in imitation of a time-

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glass. The house was walled off on the east from the rest of the village. On the west a barbed-wire fence marked the division of the once-whole property between our wing of the family and our distant cousins; to the north and to the south stone steps, one ascending to the temple and the other descending to the yard's length black-nostril strip of sluggish water where the river came in like a lazy snake along our compound. A kerosene lamp now stood owl-like on a table in the front room. There were no glass windows, only wooden bars. If it rained we slept inside in the room where the rafters were only an arm's reach and where we kept our notebooks on the cross-beams. An oil-lamp burned constantly in that room. In the centre room the roof went up in a gradual hump to a circular hole in the ceiling. Through this the rain pattered into a dry well covered up to floor level with pebbles; a black stone phallus stood there—the same *lingam* that stands in Hindu Siva-temples—glossy, oil-covered, grinning at us through a red finger of colour at its tip.

GRANDMOTHER was shorter than me. She did not have to stoop to enter the house. Sometimes I imagine that the house was built around her as she stood in the middle. She walked with the movement of a whole cocoanut when it is rolled on the ground—one of the games our brides and bridegrooms have to play together in front of the guests on the seventh day of their wedding. She had been widowed for nearly ten years, her head shaved to the scalp like all South Indian widows. But her skin was smooth as a banana. She massaged it with oil every day before her bath, never used soap on it, cleaning herself with lentil powder or soap-nut skeins. She still had teeth in her mouth.

Her voice had become suddenly conspiratorial, suggesting that of all those who looked up to her I alone recognised her glory, had the power to revive her past with the strange bribe of my green curiosity. Only her eyes creased as she talked establishing a special-favour relationship. The routine voice in which she addressed the two uncles, aunts and their seven apiece brood was mean and muttering. She had lost the power to command them. As far as I know she never told them stories, confined herself to curses and complaints. Occasionally she took accounts from them, accounts of the little money they wheedled out of her from time to time. No one knew where she kept what she had.

She knew that they were waiting for her to die. She appeared unannounced—she wore wooden sandals to go to the river—as they stood intriguing near the kitchen wall at the back, talking to herself in their presence, "All in good time. Good time is God's time. God's time is when I have eaten my last meal, not yet, oh no, not yet. In God's good time." She prowled around expressing her disgust as she picked up pieces of dirt with a tireless bending of her back, hand on one hip. She threw water around the house, drawing it in buckets from the well near the kitchen, making them mop it up afterwards, walking up and down, supervising, scolding, delighting in her own devilish, unpredictable malice.

Her eyes never lost their clear-sightedness, nor her ears the ability to pick out footfalls, nor her mind the power to distinguish those footfalls and know exactly what those feet were up to or where they were going. In her I saw the leech-grip of my race, our will to survive, our genius for instinctive awareness. But I also saw other things. Hydrocele was common in the village. When clan-grandfathers of ours she had known all her life came to see her she insisted on talking to them in the courtyard. Those old men had great difficulty in squatting. First they placed their palms under their huge, swollen testicles, lifting them up with an effort, holding on to them as they squatted, groaning, on their hunches. The other children delighted in this game of hers. Once I saw her lift her own satchel-like, elephant-ear breasts and scratch her chest underneath where a mosquito had bitten her.

SIVANNA was still explaining. I asked grandmother how grandfather died. She said that she was twelve when she married

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and had borne him seventeen children. Four died young or soon after birth. Of the other thirteen there were now only three sons—"your father is the head of the family"—and two daughters, married and grandmothering in their turn in nearby villages.

"Your grandfather was a lawyer." Though she spoke with a toothy crustiness her voice was dull and undramatic. "He was a lawyer, a very good one. But he never earned much. He only took cases he believed to be true and just. I don't think he lost one of them; sometimes, of course, he settled, compromised half-way through. I don't know what happened to him after the last case. He lost it, and then he spent money and took it to a higher court. It was terrible. He lost again. Then he mortgaged the house to make a fresh appeal. On the day of the appeal the other lawyer came to see him here, late at night. I don't know what they talked about, I couldn't hear them, but your grandfather came out of the house in his *kovanam*"—through a G-string around our waist we South Indians curl a strip of cloth as underwear—"chasing the other lawyer. He chased him out of the house, ran after him following him down the road all the way home. The other lawyer was younger. He got home and locked himself in. Your grandfather came back, trembling with rage. He was completely naked. He locked himself in *there*"—*there* was a small outhouse we were not allowed to enter—"and we learnt later that he had taken off his *kovanam* and thrown it on the front door of the other lawyer. The case was settled, I think, out of court. But your grandfather never came out of that room. He ate there, and bathed there; we put a pot inside for him; I couldn't take him his food, only your mother was allowed to do that. About a fortnight later he suddenly ran out of the room, still completely naked, towards the temple. He prostrated himself, cryout *nama sivayah*. He died a minute after that, face to the floor."

Was she inventing? I don't know. I only know that no one else, not even father, talked to me about grandfather. Some years later I learned that grandfather was counsel for a peasant against one of his own nephews who had cheated the peasant of about three acres of land.

Inside the argument was over. It was time to go to bed. I slept next to grandmother on a straw mat on the floor. It was a cool night and there was only one red blanket which she kept for herself. In the middle of the night she got up. "What is it?" I asked. She had heard a mango fall to the ground. "It's all right, you sleep. I'll go and pick it up now. If we leave it till the morning the crows will find it and nibble at it." She came back soon, having found it without a light near the boathouse, thirty yards away.

She woke me up early in the morning to go with her for her morning bath. She was always the first to get up. Before we left the house she went around shouting, "Get up, get up," in each one's ear. "Go and milk the cows." On the way to the river if she spotted someone in the distance she shouted out, "Are you an outcast, *vadigan*?" If they answered "yes, mother," she waved an impatient hand at them, barked back with an assured air of who-goes-there supremacy, "Get out of the way, get out of the way, *vadigan*," spitting the word out as they gave her right of way. On the way she plucked a leaf from a mango tree. She taught me to brush my teeth with it, and then, with the centre rib of the leaf, to scrape my tongue. When I stood naked in the river she touched my private parts and then kissed her bunched fingers.

She bathed in her silk garment. I scratched her back under the water. She taught me to bathe as all Hindus do, holding my nose, and dipping, "One, two, three," quickly, one after the other; I emerged breathless and surprised to be still alive. I dried myself, and she taught me to tie a towel around my waist, making a knot at the front, below my navel, with a quick movement of my wrist. "Come on, *kutti pattar*, little Brahmin." We walked to the temple. She was still dripping—she never dried herself. Thrice round the temple, and then inside; she made me fold my hands and lie down flat kissing the floor. Then she dipped her fingers into a can of cow-dung ash

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and drew two lines on my forehead. There was a stick of sandalwood which she moistened, made a paste of, and put a dot on my forehead.

IT WAS Saturday, the day she fasted, propitiating Saturn. She cooked for herself, *dosais*, rice pancakes. When the white flour paste was poured into the frying pan, she took some cocoanut husk, dipped it into oil and squeezed drops of oil around the edges. The edges turned crisp, near-burnt. She ate two of the pancakes, and from the others she took only the edges, leaving the soggy middle portions for those who cared to have it. She shared this with me asking me: "What does an old woman like me need? A very simple meal." After the meal she drank a glass of milk—with such a large family no one else could drink milk—brass tumbler tilted an inch from her mouth. The milk gurgled straight into her gullet and her lips never touched the cup. I tried to drink like that and choked. The milk ran out of my nose. She laughed as she ate two bananas and called me every name of pollution she could think of—"*Vadigan*, heathen, son of a toddy-tapper, *sudra*, burning-ghat attendant."

In the afternoon, while Raju sat in the canoe-hut with two female cousins, I pushed a boat into the water. I tried to paddle with an oar, but kept going into the bank. Finally I was trapped in the branches and vines along that strip of water. Two of our servants saw me. I waved to one of them who ran along the bank and jumped into the boat with a long bamboo pole in his hand. Seeing me frightened he asked, "*Sami*"—corruption of Swami, the name for a Brahmin—"shall we go for a long row?" It was not considered proper for us to make friends with the servants, but Kesavan was only eighteen, had a cocky smile and a heart ready for mischief. I was delighted. He pushed the pole against the bank until we got into the river. Then he dug it into the river bed, first to the right, then to the left, steering a straight course.

I sat at the head of the boat. He was at the other end. He had taken off his dirty yellow towel and tied it around his head when he began rowing; every muscle stood out on his sweating black body. He had the proportions of a god in temple friezes. There was a toddy shop about two miles away and as we reached it I could hear boating songs, sung to the slapping of hands against bare thighs. "Can we stop and go in there?" I asked Kesavan. "No money, *sami*," he replied. I had a few coins with me. "Is that enough?" He replied that it would buy one pot which was enough for him. "But don't tell grandmother that we went to the toddy shop, or I'll lose my job."

Inside the shop brown mud pots were ranged behind a counter. Farm workers, tappers, labourers, all men, sat on the floor, drinking straight out of the pots. They munched spiced fish, nuts, or sheep's head soaked in red hot chilly. They were happy, and paid me the highest compliment of ignoring me.

After his pot of liquor Kesavan lurched the boat home faster, rocking it to the rhythm of his song,

"Ai-ai-ai, dhi-thi-thi,
Ai-ai-ai, dhi-thi-thaka,
Dhi-thi-thaka, dhi-dho-lum."

He was drunk. Suddenly the boat lurched and I lost my balance. We were near one of the few whirlpools in the river. It was after the rains. I fell straight into the angry, swirling, dragging-down spiral of river-rage. I could not even scream, I was swallowing water fast. All I remember is the long pole hitting me in the stomach. Kesavan was kneeling down in the boat by my side, laughing, giving me artificial respiration and saying with a smile, "So the cat jumped into the river, eh?"

ON the way home he told me stories about Stupid Kittu, the legendary village oaf. "You know what Kittu did when the treasure box fell into the river? He didn't jump after it. He just drew a mark on the side of the boat. 'There,' Kittu said, 'now I've made a mark exactly where it fell in. We can search for it when we get down. Why jump in the river and get wet?' " Then he told me a story

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about grandmother. "You know the Brahmins consider it a sin to piss in the river. So you know what your grandmother does? When she goes on a boat journey she takes a pot with her, pisses in that and empties it into the river." I was soon laughing and had forgotten that I nearly drowned. I asked him to tell me how he saved me. "Nothing at all, nothing for Kesavan," he said, thumping his chest. "*Sami* needn't be frightened when Kesavan is around. I pushed the pole into the middle of the whirlpool and fished you out—like this—" my towel was drying on the side of the boat and he showed me how he had done it, with an exaggerated effortlessness.

As we reached home he asked me, suddenly humble, suddenly the cocksure gleam in his black eyes changing to a pleading, puppy gaze, "*Sami*, *sami*, can you take me with you to Bombay? *Sami*, promise me you'll ask your father." I asked him if he could leave his parents in the village. "Kesavan can go anywhere," he said. "But why do you want to come to Bombay? There are no rivers close to our house, and what can you do?" "I'll work for you," he said, "and when I come back I can bring a donkey from Bombay; with one donkey I'll be the pride of the village." There were no donkeys in our village, only buffaloes, cows, elephants. Kesavan wanted a donkey.

Grandmother knew that Kesavan and I had become more intimate than master and servant boy should be. She mentioned it twice but I kept slipping out with him. He taught me to swim. To overcome my fear he made me jump from a tree into the river. "I'll hold you as you fall," he said shouting up at me from the river, "*Sami* doesn't have to be frightened, Kesavan is here." When I had learnt that, he taught me to dive to the bottom of the river. He himself did that about three hundred times a day, with a basket in his hand. He was drawing sand from the river bed for our courtyard. He took me to our paddy fields and taught me how to tie a loop around my feet and climb the straight trees like a frog hopping skywards. I secretly gave him one of my towels.

One Sunday Kesavan and I went shopping. We had to start early, before sunrise, and walk seven miles. On the way he allowed me to smoke *bidis*, thin, khaki-coloured tobacco whiffs. When we reached the market—which was only an improvised, open-air affair, all those who had vegetables and fruit to sell sitting down in two lines in a narrow lane—I lost sight of Kesavan. Turning round to look for him I saw a face smiling at me. The parchment face of a pimp, or the sexless face of a eunuch, I do not know. I know that he-or-she, that marginal man, proclaiming passion but passionless, advertising fulfilment but neither capable of giving nor receiving, struck terror in me. Eunuchs are sacred in India and they go around unmolested, mannish faces with painted lips, female breasts but men's feet and hands. Only for a second that image, rubbing his-or-her palms together, looked at me. "Kesavan, Kesavan," I screamed. I don't know how he heard me with all the haggling and shouting. He was by my side, holding my hand, "What is it, *Sami*? *Sami*, tell me what happened?" As in a nightmare when the words we want to cry out come out of our mouths as fear-stifled, meaningless, sub-human sounds, I remember I wanted to say, "G-r-a-n-d-m-o-t-h," but could only make a blabbering, helpless noise. Kesavan slapped me, very hard, with the flat of his palm, on my cheeks. I cried. A long, releasing flood of tears.

When we reached home it was midday. Satyam was sitting with Sivanna learning how to cast a horoscope. Grandmother was having her short afternoon nap. We had not agreed about it this time, but neither Kesavan nor I mentioned what happened in the market. When I told father that he wanted to come with us to Bombay he agreed. Mother refused at first, "The other side of the river always looks green to these village youngsters. Bombay," she said scornfully, "so does he think he can't die in peace without seeing Bombay?" Finally, however, I won.

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LETTER FROM AMERICA

America's Peculiar Recession

Daniel Bell

THE 1958 recession has been a great shock. But its impact has been even more psychological than economic. In numbers, unemployment was not much greater than it was in the other two recessions since the war. But there are important, qualitative differences.

The recession followed a period of steady expansion from 1955 which brought non-farm employment to a record, in August 1957, of 58,600,000 persons. Unemployment remained phenomenally low and industry absorbed exceptionally large additions to the labour force. Wage increases were generous. The sudden sharp rise in unemployment, which began in the fourth quarter of 1957, came therefore as an abrupt and unpleasant surprise. Besides, in the previous post-war recessions, lay-offs had been most severe in soft goods (textiles, shoes, garments), and seemed to merge to some extent with long-standing troubles of particular towns and industries, especially in New England. This time, the recession hit hardest in the crucial metal-working industries, principally steel and auto, industries which had been exceptionally prosperous, and which moreover are highly unionised. Therefore its "public" impact was greater.

This was a peculiarly stratified recession. Because it was centred largely in the metal-working industries, its geographical force was limited to the Great Lakes and Ohio Valley industrial complexes, and the new steel and steel-fabricating centres along the Atlantic tidewater. None of the five south-eastern states, from Mississippi to Florida, and only six small areas in the twenty-one states west of the Mississippi saw unemployment go beyond the 6 per cent danger mark. Employment in government and the service industries, in fact, had been steadily rising all this time.

BECAUSE the recession was principally in manufacturing, it became primarily a blue-collar slump, hitting industrial workers rather than the white-collar workers (who, to-day, for the first time in U.S. history, outnumber the blue-collar workers). Companies severely hit rarely laid off the white-collar worker—at worst, as at Philco or Chrysler, the salaried group took 2 to 10 per cent pay cuts. But blue-collar workers were laid off in great numbers, and quickly: in steel, betwen 33 and 39 per cent of all production workers were furloughed, compared with 3 to 4 per cent of the salaried group.

Among the blue-collar workers, the hardest hit were the unskilled and semi-skilled groups. By last May, nearly one out of every six unskilled workers, and one out of every eight semi-skilled were unemployed, as against one in eleven for the skilled, one in twenty-two for sales and clerical, and only one out of sixty in the technical and professional group. And, among these blue-collar workers, the Negro, as the unskilled and as the last hired, suffered most. One out of every seven Negro workers was unemployed as against an average of one out of fifteen white workers.

The ones best protected were workers over fifty-five; only one out of seventeen of these older workers was unemployed. In most instances, union seniority rules had saved their jobs. By the same token, the first ones to go were the younger men, and the largest concentration of unemployed (apart from the new entries into the labour market) has been among the men between twenty-five and thirty-five. It is among these young men that the experience of unemployment has had its most shattering impact.

I recently spent some time interviewing the unemployed steelworkers at Fairless Hills, Pennsylvania. They had thought that prosperity would be permanent. Many of these young men had come from depressed mining areas or from old steel-mill towns in western Pennsylvania. The better jobs in these places were held by the older men, and also the better flats and houses. Besides, the Monongahela Valley with its narrow clapboard houses, tumbledown store fronts, and ramshackle vistas represented the grimy past. It was also the Old World, with

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the large immigrant family and the Old-World ways. But Fairless Hills, the new plant community created by U.S. Steel in the Delaware Valley was, as one worker put it, utopia. The new furnaces, the most efficient in the world, would never shut down. Wages averaged $2.50 to $3 an hour, and six-day work weeks (with overtime after forty hours) were not uncommon. Fairless was a magnet for the young, and the company had the pick of the best. The average age of the steelworker here was thirty-two. And with their growing families they built a new suburbia that resembled, though the houses were smaller, the new-style middle-class communities that had sprung up all over America. Clean, modern houses, with small plots of ground—and with adequate sewerage, a delight to many of the newcomers who recalled the East Pittsburgh streets—could be obtained with no down payment and a $79-a-month carrying charge. Few saved, many splurged—on cars, furniture, appliances—and all on time. "We thought we were junior executives," said one steelworker.

The blow was savage. Of the 4,300 production and maintenance workers at Fairless's basic steel plant, 1,200 had been laid off, and some 2,400 as of late spring were on short work weeks. Workers accustomed to earning $150 a week found themselves receiving a total of $50 to $60 a week from unemployment compensation and from supplementary unemployment benefits (which they had mocked as unnecessary when the union leaders raised it as a demand). In its newness the community suddenly has become bleak and frighteningly impersonal. "At home you could double up with the family, and get credit from the local grocer who was often a relative or a friend," said a steelworker. "Here the family is just the wife and kids; and the supermarket gives no credit."

Few workers lost their homes at Fairless Hills; families were allowed to fall behind on mortgage payments as long as three and four months; and by late summer steel production began to pick up and workers were being recalled. But the psychological shock remains.

How did the unemployed manage? The basic cushion, of course, was unemployment compensation paid by the States. By early spring, 3,101,000 of the 5,200,000 unemployed were drawing benefits that averaged $30 a week, against an average income of $81 a week when they had been employed. In most industrial States benefits run a maximum twenty-six weeks in a year. (Legislation passed in May permits States to extend benefits by half as much as originally stipulated—thirteen weeks in most States.) Unemployed steel, auto, and rubber workers received supplementary unemployment benefits (s.u.b.). In steel, s.u.b. average $23 a week, and runs for a full year. When State insurance runs out, steel s.u.b. steps up to $47.50 a week for single workers and $55.50 for a married worker with three children. In some instances, as increasing numbers of steelworkers exhausted their State claims and turned to the higher industry benefits, reserves ran low and there was a forced reduction in the amounts they received. About a half-dozen of the smaller steel companies cut payments, and one company, with 2,200 unemployed, was forced to skip all payments for a month.

Unemployment compensation was not the only cushion. Some families had small savings. About 1,500,000 of the unemployed, or nearly 30 per cent of the total, were single men, half of them under twenty-five, presumably with families to fall back on. And, with the extraordinary rise in recent years of the number of working women, many families had double breadwinners. (In March, 1957, of 38,940,000 families represented in the labour force, 11,529,000 contained two or more people at work.) Finally, there is the leavening effect of "turnover" of the unemployed. The 5,200,000 unemployed to-day were not the same men and women who were jobless three months or six months ago. Some of the early unemployed found new jobs, particularly in the service trades; some, in seasonal pick-ups, found jobs within their industries. But the other side of the turnover means that as many as eleven million or more may have been unemployed at one time or another during the recession.

By and large there were relatively few foreclosures of homes or repossessions of cars and other large consumer durables that workers purchased so enthusiastically in recent years. Almost uniformly across the country the attitude of the banks and insurance companies seemed to be: "What would we do with the homes or cars if we took them? So long as a man continues some partial payments, we will carry him." In Cleveland, the utility companies held up demands for overdue payments and didn't turn off gas, electricity, or phone service if the unemployed worker kept up current payments. In Flint, a one-industry town hit hard by lay-offs at the General Motors Buick plant, the city set up an Unemployment Arbitration Committee, composed of bankers, merchants, social workers, and union leaders, to help debtors and creditors work out mutually agreeable and manageable terms during the period of unemployment.

With all other help exhausted, some families turned to public assistance. The remarkable fact, however, was the stubborn unwillingness of many unemployed to go on relief. One reason is

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that most communities require a "means test," showing that all savings, insurance, and other resources have been exhausted before the family can get relief. And this test is resented. Unemployment compensation is accepted as a due; relief is a stigma, bearing many of the scarifying memories of the depression of the Thirties.

WHAT happened to workers who exhausted all unemployment benefits? In some instances there were migrations home, especially of southern whites who recently had come up to the Great Lakes area for steel and auto jobs. In Cleveland, Youngstown, and Lorain, Ohio, social agencies reported considerable "ex-migration" of southern whites. In the near-downtown areas of Cleveland, where the migrants had settled in large numbers and where a year ago the housing shortage was acute, large numbers of vacancies appeared. In St. Louis, the "Hoosiers"—which is a local term not for people from Indiana, but from the Ozarks—went back in goodly number. But by and large the greatest number of recent migrants have been Negroes who had flocked to Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and Detroit, and these remained. There was little for them to go back to, and by doubling up, pooling income, and other sharing devices, they managed as well as they could.

Many border and northern communities found themselves faced with heavy financial burdens because of the previous influx of Negro workers —and the displacement of white neighbourhoods within city limits. St. Louis is one such town. Once a distributive centre, St. Louis after World War II became more industrialised, and began to import labour. Because of its progressive integration policies, St. Louis became a mecca for Negroes from the deep South, and is to-day 35 per cent Negro. The percentage of unemployment in the St. Louis metropolitan area was only slightly higher than the national average, but because of the high Negro influx, the concentration of unemployed within St. Louis city proper is high. The result is that St. Louis itself is in a financial mess.

Philadelphia is in a similar predicament. As an area of considerable diversification, from flashlight batteries to food canning, the metropolitan labour market had an unemployment below the national average. The new steel, metal-working, and electronics industries are in the eight-county area which rims the city, and the burden of much of the unemployment is dispersed widely around its hundred-mile perimeter. But Philadelphia proper has a high Negro population—about 22 per cent of the city's total—which has concentrated in recent years in the old slum areas in the run-down industrial belt just north-east of City Hall. Since a considerable portion of the area's unemployed is Negro, these raised the city's total to a high mark and the city found its relief and surplus food programme leading to deficits in the city budget.

IN many communities the effect of the recession has been to draw the rank-and-file worker, who in many instances had become apathetic, or even antagonistic, closer to the union. Puzzled as to how to fill out the complicated s.u.b. form, or how to ward off creditors, the anxious unemployed turned to the union for help. In Lorain, Ohio, for example, union committees have approached landlords to persuade them to hold off pressure for rent, or to accept partial payment, and have visited banks and finance companies to prevent foreclosures and repossessions.

With the recession centred in the metal-working industries, the hardest hit unions have been the auto workers and the steelworkers. Both unions were pinched financially, and the U.A.W. took the unprecedented step of laying off ninety-seven staff persons, while their "executive staff," including organisers, took a "voluntary" 10 per cent pay cut. Quite obviously, too, the recession weakened the bargaining position of the unions and reduced their militancy. When jobs are difficult to find, workers don't voluntarily walk out on the ones they have. In Lamar, Missouri, the threat by the Lawn Boy Company (making lawn mowers) to replace U.A.W. members who went out on strike against a proposed piece-work plan prompted the union to forgo a demand for increased wages and benefits. In Bristol, Pennsylvania, the Kaiser Metal Products Corporation, whose work force had been reduced, 2,800 to 1,200 over a two-year period, bluntly told the U.A.W. that unless it was allowed to suspend seniority and to eliminate company-paid time for union committeemen it would shut down its commercial division. After first rejecting the company's proposal, the union capitulated.

Throughout the nation, hundreds of local unions quietly, and often without publicity, skipped wage re-opening dates or forwent wage increases. The big unions, negotiating the big "national" bargains, such as the U.A.W., are in a different position. For them, bargaining is still a test of power, and they cannot back down so easily. The U.A.W. took the unique step of permitting the contract with the large auto companies to expire. The men have worked for more than three months, since June 1, without a contract. The companies took the opportunity to crack down on grievances, and to tighten production standards. The union took the "provocation" and kept its men in check in order to conserve the militancy of the workers in the fall months when the declaration of a strike during

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the new model production season finally compelled greater concessions from the auto companies. The U.A.W. and Ford settled on a three-year contract in late September. Significantly the union obtained little in the way of higher wage increases, but received improvements in s.u.b. and pensions, as well as winning severance pay for workers where plants shut down.

THIS LETTER has talked of the recession in the past tense. The peculiar fact is that while recovery is on the way—e.g., inventories have been depleted, industrial production is up, construction is booming—unemployment still lingers. In September it was still at the five million mark. There are two reasons: much of the rising production is achieved through an increase in hours worked; during the recession, considerable numbers of men worked "short work weeks." Thus it is possible to increase output with the same employed force by bringing the work week back to forty hours. Secondly, and of greater importance, an increase in output is being achieved by striking jumps in productivity. During the recession many firms undertook cost studies to improve scheduling, tightening job standards, and the like. With business picking up they are introducing new machinery which displaces labour. Thus the recent experience poses a short-run economic problem that the recession gives rise to and the ebb of the recession dramatises: finding new employment for hundreds of thousands whose jobs will have become "washed away."

An economy in rapid change—what Schumpeter called the process of "creative destruction" —inevitably outmodes old products, creates new tastes and style, finds new synthetics and resources, establishes new markets and inevitably reworks the economic map of the country. In the process, old areas suffer. Altoona, Pennsylvania, the largest steam locomotive repair centre in the U.S., became a "distressed area" when railroads installed diesels. The introduction of nylon forced silk mills in New Jersey and Pennsylvania to close. New fuels squeezed out the marginal mines in the Appalachian areas. Plastic chinaware is closing pottery kilns in Ohio.

These changes, all in the last decade, were offset by new growths elsewhere. New steel mills on the Atlantic tidewater attracted workers from western Pennsylvania. The expansion of auto production brought mining families from West Virginia and Kentucky to Detroit. The rise of the aircraft industry in the south-west and the Pacific Coast lured workers from all over the country. Despite this, sixty-four labour market areas largely in the industrial north-east (with a total population of 2,940,000) remained "chronically depressed" from 1952 to 1957, in that 6 per cent or more of the workers in these areas have remained unemployed for continuous periods from twenty to seventy-six months. Even if the U.S. economy by the end of 1958 reaches the levels of production of 1955–1957, it seems likely that some areas will remain distressed for varying periods of time.

A SECOND fact is that in the period of high prosperity, many industries were utilising marginal equipment. The U.S. Steel wire plant in Worcester, Massachusetts, for example, which used to use its own open-hearth facilities, shut down the 287,000-ton basic steel mill and now "imported" its rods and other materials from the super-efficient Fairless plant, 310 miles away. Plants like these will come back into production only if steel demand returns to 1955–1957 levels, and even then, reopening is unlikely, since equipment that was marginal in 1956, will be even more marginal in 1959.

Detroit, which has had a roller-coaster psychology for fifty years, now has a real case of the jitters. Because of automation and decentralisation, the city has lost a net of 70,000 jobs in recent years. In the next years it will lose more. Many business men blame Walter Reuther for high costs and Governor Williams for high taxes. But economist William Haber, of the University of Michigan, argues that the State tax structure and wage costs are of lesser importance than the basic changes in American markets and automation. "There isn't any question about the fact that we could get back to an eight-million car year in 1959 without increasing employment very much," says Haber. And he predicts that even when full employment returns, unemployment in Michigan will remain above 175,000 and half of this figure would be in Detroit.

The American Economy, more uniquely than any other, has been built on "confidence." Rising national income produced large sums of "discretionary dollars" which middle-class persons saved or spent, as they willed. Expectations of job security permitted a wage worker or salaried employee to go heavily into consumer debt, and this debt, as high as $37 billion in 1956, was one of the motors which kept the economy moving. It may be that the economy, moving ahead at too rapid a pace from 1953 to 1957, required a "readjustment." But its chief burdens fell upon the worker, not the middle class. And the economy can ill-afford that unnerving feeling—even if unemployment is concentrated geographically, and among the unskilled, the Negro, and the young—of insecurity. And that has been, even if momentarily, the psychological impact of America's "peculiar" recession.

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Our Bomb and Theirs (V)

An Abolitionist's Position

Wayland Young

THE danger we are all in from thermonuclear weapons seems to come partly from the fact that the politicians of the world are handling them as if they were the usual sort of weapon, only a bit bigger. Some people believe this is indeed so, and justify the policies of this or that government accordingly. Others believe it may not be so and, while they do know that *something's happened*, that the whole situation has changed, still don't see what can be done about it in detail. Politics goes on as always; there's a political threat, there's an arms race, there's this or that technical development. Things have to be done, and done at once, and there are only familiar words and ideas to do them with: weapon, deterrent, balance, flexibility. Politicians have to start with these particular cases; the day-to-day decisions pile up, and in time something one can call a policy emerges. The policies jell and interact, and something one can call a world situation appears. Gradually, gradually, the world situation changes, and affects the very idea which men have of their own nature, and that of the world.

But what happens if you start at the other end, with the largest questions you can think of, and work downwards to see if they illuminate the day-to-day problems? Such a procedure is quite at variance with the political habits of this country, but there may be some justification for having a go at it if, as it seems to me, the cabinets of the world are so busy with their habitual discussions of particulars that they have no time to raise their heads and see that the walls of the cabinet room are no longer there. Arguing downwards, then, let us start with questions about the end of mankind.

Between the time when it stopped being foreseen as an inevitable divine intervention and the time when it became an immediate practical possibility to man, the end of mankind was not much considered. I shall try below to see if the things which can be said about the extermination of mankind suggest actions which ought to be taken by mankind as a whole and by particular groups of men. To do this, I shall use the word "we" to designate two sets of individuals; the first is the largest of which a man can say "we," that is, mankind itself. The second is part of the first; it is the people whose governments now, in the late nineteen-fifties, adhere to the American system of alliances. It is "we" as opposed to "them"; "they," in this context, being the people whose governments adhere to the Russian system of alliances. The questions are: what ought we-mankind to do, and then what ought we-the-West to do? (It will soon be obvious to the reader that I have very little philosophical equipment with which to tackle these questions: but the fully equipped don't seem to be doing much about it yet in this country. In Germany they are miles ahead.)

I

WHAT ought we-mankind to do?

Is the extermination of mankind possible?

It seems so. The means would be the setting of an outer jacket of cobalt round some hydrogen bombs. The whole of mankind, or any part of it, can probably be exterminated by dropping the requisite number of weapons, devised in the requisite way, in the requisite places. The reservation "probably" is only necessary because one can never be perfectly sure of the effects of an untested bomb, and cobalt bombs have not, for obvious reasons, been tested.

Can the extermination of mankind be an end in itself, and if so, what sort of end would it be?

To imagine the mind of an individual who conceives the extermination of mankind as an

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end in itself, it is enough to imagine the mind of an individual who conceives the death of another individual as an end in itself and multiply that by 2,700 million. A man who kills another man as a means to an end, may or may not be criminal: it depends on the end. But a man who commits murder as an end in itself, for its own sake only, is both criminal and mad. A man who orders the death of millions in war as a means to an end (for example, the preservation of institutions, national independence, economic welfare, prestige, racial purity), may well be held neither criminal nor mad by the opinion of his own country, of which he is likely to be master. He may be held to be criminal by the opinion of other countries; this will depend on the end to which he has ordered the death of millions as a means. Hitler was held criminal by Allied opinion for having ordered the death of millions as a means to German racial purity. On the other hand a man who orders the death of millions in war as an end in itself will be universally held to be both criminal and mad. In so far as Hitler seems in the last weeks of his life to have desired death and destruction for their own sakes he is held to have gone mad. Though the extermination of mankind could be pursued as an end in itself, it would be an end more criminal and more mad than any which it was possible to pursue until fifteen years ago.

Could the extermination of mankind ever be an expedient means to another end?

The extermination of mankind could be a means to any negative end, such as annihilating the Soviet Union, stopping the traffic in the Suez Canal, depriving your neighbour of electric light, or getting out of an interview with the boss. But whatever end were to be achieved by the extermination of mankind would thereby become the last end ever to be achieved by any means whatever.

Can any ends be so desirable that it would be expedient to achieve them by a means which would prevent the pursuit and achievement of all other ends thereafter? In the life of an individual, yes; but only three. They are (1) the cessation of his own misery, which may expediently be achieved by suicide; (2) the life and freedom of other individuals, which may expediently be achieved by self-sacrifice (typically in disaster or traditional war); and (3) the conspicuous affirmation of a contested proposition, which may expediently be achieved by accepting martyrdom. But for these ends ever to be desirable to mankind as a whole, mankind would have, in order, to (1) be hopelessly miserable, which is against its nature; (2) find individuals to enjoy life and freedom after the extermination of all individuals, which is absurd; (3) affirm a contested proposition, which is impossible, since if all affirm there is none to contest. If the three ends for which individuals may find it expedient to lay down their single lives can never be served by mankind laying down its collective life, so much the less can any end for which individuals do *not* find it expedient to lay down their single lives be served by mankind laying down its collective life. The extermination of mankind can only be a less expedient means to any end than some other means.

SINCE the extermination of mankind can never be an expedient means, and can only be a mad and criminal end, and since it is a mad and criminal action to pursue any end by a means which is not only inexpedient but would, if it were itself an end, be mad and criminal, it follows that to cause or permit the extermination of mankind is in all circumstances mad and criminal. But here a difficulty arises; to call an action mad and criminal is a human judgment which is expressed through opinion and law. If there are no more humans there will be no more opinion and law, and therefore no expression of judgment. Can we say that an action is mad and criminal before it happens when we know that after it has happened it can never be declared to have been mad and criminal?

I believe we can, because if it can never be declared to have been mad and criminal, nor can it ever be declared not to have been. All that can be thought and said about the extermination of mankind is going to be thought and said before it happens; if, as is the case, it is judged mad and criminal before it happens, then mad and criminal it is; and that, uniquely, is that.

This brings us to a conclusion on which we can base the second part of this argument, when we come to ask: What should we-the-West do? It is this: That which can only be mad and criminal as an end and can never be expedient as a means must be avoided at all costs. (At all costs? Yes, because to say that there is a cost at which it need not be avoided, for instance, Russian or American domination of the whole world, is to say that the extermination of mankind is an expedient means to an end, namely the prevention of Russian or American domination.)

But before proceeding, let us see if it is possible, without losing sight of this conclusion, which is certain, but narrow, to draw any wider conclusions about the extermination of mankind, even if they are less certain. Can we, for instance, say that the extermination of mankind would be wrong? It is extremely difficult. Right and wrong exist within mankind as standards, principles, aspirations, divine and diabolic behests, evolutionary gambits (one advantageous, the

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other disadvantageous)—self-evident poles, judgments conditioned by an inextricable complexity of circumstance: you may conceive right and wrong in many different ways, but you always *conceive* them. They always exist *in relation to mankind*. No mankind, no right and wrong. (This is so even if right and wrong are transcendent behests; no recipient, no behest.) How then can we ask whether the extermination of mankind would be right or wrong? Since it would end both, it would be neither.

But once again, all that can be thought or said about the extermination of mankind is going to be thought and said before it happens, which adds a certain weight to the following possibility. Most people allow that right is in some way or another senior to wrong, more important, more positive. It is more usually held that doing wrong is doing something which is not right than that doing right is doing something which is not wrong. If this is so, then although the extermination of mankind would abolish both right and wrong, yet it would be more wrong to abolish right than it would be right to abolish wrong, and therefore the extermination of mankind would on balance be wrong.

Now all this is open to the objection that it is too anthropocentric, that it is simply bringing everything within the closed circle of the human mind, which naturally desires its own continuation. But what if there is a God, and what if there is intelligent life elsewhere in the universe? How does this affect the picture? Let us take these two possibilities in turn, though they do not exclude one another.

God. If we exclude animism and fetishism, God is held to be either transcendent (Judaism, Christianity, Islam) or immanent (Hinduism, Buddhism, Greek and German idealism, pantheism, and the mytholatric and existentialist modernisms of Judaism and Christianity). Those who accept a transcendent God will for the most part accept it as a divine behest that we should not exterminate ourselves. The majority of them will assent to: "'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord," and will sharply blame anybody who presses the button of hydrogen war for usurping that vengeance. (I shall deal below with an attitude which seems to imply a rejection of vengeance's being a divine prerogative.) They will blame him for his arrogance and blasphemy if he usurps it consciously, and for his blindness and folly if he usurps it unconsciously. The objection that the extermination of mankind may be extenuated by the existence of a transcendent God is contradicted by the very teachings which are accepted as His by those who believe in Him.

Nor would the extermination of mankind be extenuated by the existence of an immanent God. If God inheres in all things, he certainly inheres in inanimate things and in the animals, in space and in time, in matter and in process, as much as in man. But it took man to know him. (The argument that an immanent God is self-knowing without the aid of man attributes cognition to sticks and stones, and is animistic.) The extermination of mankind would thus bring to an end the knowledge of God. Existentialist theology, and all philosophies in which God is immanent and not transcendent, dwell on the unbreakable interdependence of God, man, and nature. We cannot turn to them for ideas about what happens when you take one of these three away.

What then would be the nature and attributes of an unknown God? They have not been investigated, because it has not been supposed that God, once known, could ever become unknown again. But the extermination of mankind, which is now possible, would bring this about. To enquire into the nature of an unknown God is, however, one of those enquiries which destroy their own object; the more you find out about an unknown God, the less is he unknown. But this much does seem certain; since man's knowledge of an immanent God and an immanent God's knowledge of man are the same thing, an unknown immanent God would also be an unknowing God. (To deny this is animistically to attribute cognition to sticks and stones.) To deprive God of his knowledge would be to deprive him of an attribute, to impose a limitation on him. But that which is limited is imperfect, and that which is imperfect cannot be God. Genocide is also deicide.

Now let us turn to the second objection on the score of anthropocentricity, the possible existence of intelligent beings elsewhere in the universe. The astrophysicists tell us it is *possible* that there are such beings, but nobody can tell us *whether* there are or not. When we are faced with an incalculable risk, the first thing we do is to compare the effects of assuming one of the alternatives with those of assuming the other. If we assume that there are no other intelligent beings, then it remains true that the extermination of mankind must be avoided at all costs, and there is no more to be said about it. But if there are, then there is more to be said about it, and we may, if we choose, go towards our extinction fortified by the hope that sooner or later some of these intelligent beings will fetch up on earth and see what has happened. When they do, they may cry, they may laugh, they may philosophise, or they may do something we have no conception of. The weight we give to this objection will depend on how much we care what they do, on our willingness to commit ourselves to their judgment.

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There remain two other possibilities to consider under this objection; that there are a transcendent God and other intelligent beings, and that there are an immanent God and other intelligent beings. The behests of a transcendent God to his creatures on this earth cannot be ignored because of the possibility of there being others elsewhere, nor do they suggest that there may be any others.

But if there were an immanent God and other intelligent beings, why then when we go out, God will not be in the dark after all.

II

WHAT should We-the-West do?

The extermination of mankind can be brought about by certain nuclear weapons giving a very large radioactive fall-out from each burst; the cobalt bomb, according to the calculations which have so far been published, would give the highest fall-out per burst. The end of urban civilisation, and perhaps of other types too, could be brought about by a large number of nuclear weapons not having a specially high radioactive fall-out; in many countries, including our own, the annihilation of the cities, the immobilisation of transport, the cessation of industry, and the consequent starvation and epidemics would without doubt end civilisation. In some countries the especial horror of nuclear war would end or at least interrupt civilisation even before there were very great material damage. The poisoning of rain, the poisoning of water supplies, the poisoning of the soil, the vegetables, the milk, the dreadfulness of radiation sickness—it is like cholera with the added refinement that you may seem to recover for a while and then still die—the knowledge that if they have had a big enough dose it will be better if you kill your children, and the absolute inescapableness of all these things, would lead to precisely that general terror and despair which produces panic. Panic produces anarchy, and anarchy interrupts civilisation. A fourth way in which general nuclear war could end civilisation, beyond the territories immediately devastated by material damage, by radiation sickness and epidemic, and by terror, is by its genetic effect on later generations. Hermann Muller, the man who first discovered that radiation causes mutations, has said that the genetic effect of a large nuclear war would be "the catastrophic ruination of mankind in general." The equation is clear enough: prosperity for none and nursing for all, or prosperity for some and euthanasia for the rest?

But the effects of nuclear war might fall far short of any of this. It has been announced that a nuclear weapon has been made in the United States which, let off at a height of only 15,000 feet (half the height of Everest) did no harm to unprotected observers standing directly below. Strictly speaking, no argument should be based on this fact, since it comes from the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, which has sometimes published falsehoods; but if it were true, then it would show that the smallest nuclear explosion which can now be made is smaller than the biggest chemical explosion, though it can hardly be smaller than that of the biggest bomb or rocket loaded with chemical explosives which could be delivered against an enemy. Is there any break in the scale of destructive effect which, with chemical and nuclear explosives, we can now achieve? If there is, it is so small that we can ignore it. The effects of violence now proceed in an unbroken scale from a single black eye to the extermination of mankind.

We (still we-mankind) are well accustomed to inflicting as much damage on each other as we can.* In the First World War we killed about ten millions of us, in the Second, about twenty-five millions. To nobody was this slaughter an end in itself; it was accepted as a means to different ends. Some of these ends, those of the victors, were achieved, and the means proved to have been expedient. Others, those of the vanquished, were not achieved, and the means proved to have been inexpedient. But the fact that even some of the ends were expediently achieved suffices to put the slaughter into a different category from the extermination of mankind, which can never expediently achieve any end whatever. It was not necessary to avoid these wars at all costs; it is necessary to avoid the extermination of mankind at all costs.

We always do as much damage as we can. But now it is necessary for us to do less damage than we can. How can we suddenly, within one generation, go back on a habit as old as our species, and older? Three possibilities suggest themselves. We can:

(1) Refrain from war.

(2) Not use weapons capable of exterminating mankind.

(3) Not possess weapons capable of exterminating mankind.

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* Gas and germ-bombs are often brought forward as instances of weapons which have been held as a threat but not used, as nuclear weapons might be. But gas was used in the First World War, and civilisation survived. With nuclear weapons, once would probably be enough too, though for a different reason. It is true that powers which have been capable of bacterial warfare have refrained from using it, and fought by other means. This suggests that thermonuclear weapons are not absolutely certain to be used, but not that they are not likely to be.

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(1) To be sure of abolishing war we can stop nowhere short of abolishing evil. A thought, a word, a blow, a shot, a speech, a march, a flight, a bomb; war. We should know the chain by now. We have never yet been able to break it, and the history of our attempts is half the history of society. We found gods to do it, and they did not. We paid kings and elected emperors and popes to do it, and they sometimes did it for their own people, but not beyond. Recently we have set up a League of Nations and a United Nations to do it, and they may yet, but we can't wait. The danger presses now; it is thirty minutes off as I write, and thirty minutes off as you read, unless it happens first.

When we are faced with the choice of abolishing something very old and abolishing something very new, we must choose the latter. A healthy man with a small cut is not in danger of death, nor is a haemophiliac with an intact skin. But a haemophiliac with a small cut is. And if we find him bleeding to death we do not try to treat his haemophilia, we try to close the cut.

(2) Not use weapons capable of exterminating mankind. This possibility must be more carefully examined, since it is the "graduated deterrent" policy chosen by the American Government and will probably also be chosen by the British Government as soon as it has got over the initial phase of relying on "massive retaliation," as America got over it a few years ago.

The "massive retaliation" policy (British White Paper on Defence, 1958) says that any major attack by the other side, whether nuclear or conventional, will be answered with H-bombs. But "major" cannot be defined. (Mr. R. A. Butler avoided answering Mr. Michael Foot in a recent television discussion when he was asked whether a Russian attack on Greece would count as "major.")

The "graduated deterrent" policy is to possess all kinds of nuclear weapons, but only to use the little ones, and *trust that* the other side will be sensible enough to follow suit. This is the policy advocated by the American Henry Kissinger in his influential book *Foreign Policy in the Nuclear Age*. It is no less dependent on trusting the other side than a policy of nuclear disarmament without inspection and control. If you can trust your enemy not to use an H-bomb you can just as well trust him not to make nuclear weapons at all. There is no reason to believe this particular self-restraint would work better than any other. Small advances and retreats, and the restraint may hold good. But wars start cold and hot up. Imagine an army thrown into the sea, or a capital overrun, with a million dead. Will the loser hold his hand? Or again, imagine a painfully won short advance which reveals that the other side has once again been gassing Jews, or anyone else. Will the winner hold his hand?

They may hold their hand, or they may not; we are up against a continuous grey of incalculable risk. But consider the distance between the poles of possibility; on the one hand the continuation of mankind, on the other its extermination. We may even come one step in from the poles and consider on the one hand the continuation of civilisation, on the other its extinction.

We cannot even risk that which it is necessary to avoid at all costs.

(3) Not possess weapons capable of destroying mankind. Here innumerable difficulties arise. Let us group them under two questions: (a) Precisely what weapons should we-mankind not possess? and (b) How should we set about getting rid of them?

(a) If we refrain from having cobalt bombs but have three-decker fission-fusion-fission bombs, we are up against the same risk; the risk that our restraint will give way in defeat or anger. It is not too difficult to take the uranium 238 off an FFF bomb and put cobalt round it instead. Should we limit ourselves to simple fusion bombs, ordinary hydrogen bombs; that is, the innocent ones which may be made with any exposive power you wish—there is no upper limit—but are not actually gratuitously loaded with extra poison? In the scale we are talking of, it is cheap, quick, and simple to put uranium 238 round a simple fission bomb and turn it into a three-decker FFF bomb. Should we limit ourselves to simple fission weapons, plutonium bombs? Well, it is not too difficult, once you have done it the first time, to put lithium hydride round one of these and turn it into a hydrogen bomb. Should we limit ourselves to the really small ones? The ones the American Atomic Energy Commissioner W. F. Libby calls "little fellows?" The ones where you bring the two pieces of uranium together quite slowly, so that most of it goes off in a fizz rather than a bang? The words themselves show we should not; what is "really small?" It would be too easy to go on to "nearly really small" ones.

Then should we limit ourselves to possessing only chemical explosives? Yes; for here there is a sharp break. It would of course still be possible for our restraint to give way under stress and for us to cross this line too, especially since nuclear power stations like Calder Hall, which will soon be working all over the world, necessarily produce the raw material for atom bombs. But the difference in kind which is always a good place to draw the line *is* present at this

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point, and it is marked by a difference in kind in the manner of production and the manner of use. A TNT factory *cannot* make nuclear weapons, a soldier or pilot trained in TNT cannot use them. Also, when a weapon goes off there may be doubt about precisely what type and size of nuclear weapon it was, but there can be no doubt whether it was a nuclear or a chemical burst. The presence or absence of radioactivity would settle it. (There is no such thing as a "clean bomb.")

Because the highest unmistakeable dividing line in the continuous progression from a black eye to the extermination of mankind comes at the qualitative break between chemical and nuclear explosives, we should take our stand there.

(b) How?

This is where it becomes difficult to distinguish between "us" in the sense of all mankind and the "us" over against which there is a "them," between "us-mankind" and "us-the-West."

It is necessary for us-mankind to avoid exterminating ourselves, and thus necessary for us to avoid even the risk of exterminating ourselves. Since the pacifist's ambition to abolish all weapons involves undoing a million years of history, but the ambition to abolish nuclear weapons only involves undoing thirteen years, it is clear that the best way to avoid this risk is for us-mankind to keep our chemical explosives and abandon our nuclear explosives.

But this is exactly what we have been trying to do for the last thirteen years. The Disarmament Commission of the United Nations and its sub-committees have been in almost continuous session, and there have been many special meetings at different levels between the nuclear powers. They have so far failed completely. They may in the future begin to succeed, or they may not. Why have these negotiations failed? Because the negotiators mistrust each other. They are faced with the task of transforming a balance of terror into a balance of trust. Since they are human, they have failed in this task. But if they are human, so will their successors be, and theirs, and theirs. Meanwhile, as the negotiations drag out from thirteen years, so will the time needed to exterminate mankind creep in from thirty minutes. The abolition of evil would cut the knot, but we ruled that out when we said the negotiators are and always will be human.

We-the-West are afraid of the expansion of Communism, they-the-East are afraid of the expansion of Capitalism. Are each of the two halves of mankind more afraid of the domination of the other than of the extinction of both? To judge by their deeds, they are. It is possible that the present generation of rulers do not really know what nuclear weapons are, in the way that they know what a steam engine is, or what shrapnel is. When they were at school the atom was about where Lucretius left it, atom bombs were undreamed of, and all over the world radiologists, now dead, were standing in front of X-ray machines to give their students the innocent pleasure of watching a joint turn or a peristalsis run down. A man may learn facts in middle age, but he will find it hard to adapt his actions and his attitudes to them. And so it is possible that the next generation of rulers, having learned in childhood that radiation kills, and that twenty-five million dead in one war is only a hundredth of what it might be, will come to terms. But in the meantime we, mankind, are thirty minutes from extermination. Is there no other way?

THERE is. For thirteen years we-mankind have sought and failed to reach agreement among ourselves on nuclear disarmament. Should not we-mankind now admit that we can wait no longer for agreed (conditional) nuclear disarmament, and turn to unconditional nuclear disarmament? This is the only remaining possibility open to us-mankind of extracting ourselves from the risk of extermination. But it is not we-mankind who must abandon conditionality; mankind does not and cannot act on conditions, since there is no one from whom it can exact conditions. It is the constituent parts of mankind who must abandon conditionality, because it is only by these parts, by us-the-West and them-the-East, that conditions are exacted. To say that unconditional nuclear disarmament has become necessary for mankind is to say that each constituent part of mankind must lay down its nuclear arms.

But, it may be objected, if one part does and the other does not, then mankind as a whole will not have laid down its nuclear arms, which was the end in view. This is so. But on the other hand nobody can tell whether unconditional nuclear disarmament by one part of mankind would induce the other part to follow suit; the fact that we-the-West have not followed up the initiative of them-the-East in suspending weapon-tests suggests that it probably would not. But it possibly might, and if a course of action offers a possibility, however small, of escaping from an intolerable risk, and if that possibility is the only one, then the course must be taken. Our only hope of escape from the risk of general extermination is for each nation, severally, alone, and at once, to lay down its nuclear arms.

What does this mean for England now, in political terms? It means, of course, that we must

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unconditionally, alone, and at once lay down our nuclear arms. So must America. So must Russia. France, Sweden, Switzerland, Germany must stop working to get them. But we-the-West cannot require that they-the-East should simultaneously disarm, nor can we in England require that any other nation whatever should do so. To require this, and we are at present requiring it, is to make conditions.

But won't the Russians come? They may, or they may not. It is a risk, just as the extermination of mankind is a risk if we keep our nuclear arms. And it is a risk of a lesser evil. We can do something to deter them in the traditional way by keeping a large standing army, with conscription, and reducing our standard of living to pay for it. It is generally assumed that the East outnumbers the West. This is not so; they are about equal in numbers. If you leave out China on the one hand and on the other Latin America, the West outnumbers the East. The East has more soldiers than the West at the moment, but that is because we-the-West choose to have fewer than they. We could catch up if we felt like it.

But will you ever get conscription and a reduced standard of living accepted in democratic countries? Shall we ever "feel like it"? Probably not; but this is not a question about what ought to be done, it is a question about what is likely to be done. If the extermination of mankind is to be avoided at all costs, it is certainly to be avoided at the cost of conscription and a lower standard of living for this country or that.

BEFORE concluding, it may be possible to answer some of the simpler objections to unconditional nuclear disarmament. They are answered by implication in what I have said above, but there's no harm in being explicit.

1. "The British people stood up to the Blitz, and they'll stand up to this new horror all right." The objection here comes from ignorance or lack of imagination, or both. Ignorance of the facts that an attack with cobalt bombs which was specifically designed to do so could kill every single person in this country, and that any large attack with FFF bombs would kill twenty or thirty million people out of fifty. Lack of imagination in that, having read these facts, the mind cannot believe them; or, having believed them at the moment of reading, cannot bear to consider them, and so forgets.

2. "We must stick to our principles at all costs. Britons have always been ready to lay down their lives for their principles...." This one arises from thoughtlessly cleaving to an inapplicable slogan. There is no surer way of abandoning and betraying a principle than allowing all the people who hold it to be killed. Britons have not in fact laid down their lives "for their principles"; they have laid them down for the survivors who were thus enabled to live by the principles. No survivors, no principles.

3. "Life under Communism is so frightful that we should surely prefer death."

An individual may properly hold this view, and if he does he should have the courage to shoot himself and his children when he finds life is no longer bearable. But if he has not the courage to commit the crime and sin of suicide, he cannot push the responsibility over on to the shoulders of his government. To do so is craven and self-indulgent. Nor can he ask that every one of his fellow citizens, many of whom will not agree with him, should endorse his cowardice with their own death. Moreover, to hold that national annihilation is preferable to slavery is to deny the work and sacrifice of every liberator and righter of wrongs in the history of mankind. People who hold this should meditate well on Moses, Wilberforce, Garibaldi, Stauffenberg, Pal Maleter.

4. "Christian society must be protected at all costs against materialist, atheist Communism." This is rather more refined, as befits an idea sometimes entertained by an American Secretary of State. "At all costs" includes the extermination of mankind. Yes, but you see, when it comes to the point, in the last resort, the Christian will go to heaven, and the atheist, materialist Communist, well of course, he won't go to hell exactly. He probably won't go anywhere much, and in any case, after we're all dead, God will know what to do with us. After all, we do all believe in an after life, don't we?

A good deal less than half of mankind even "officially" believes in an after life. Perhaps it is worth recalling at this point that the oriental religions which do conceive of an immortal, individual soul conceive that it passes from one body to another, sometimes human, sometimes animal, in a kind of moral snakes and ladders, through increasing virtue towards the last goal of nirvana, where individuality ceases. The extermination of mankind would deprive the series of its penultimate stations, and this whole cosmology of its meaning. To put one man to death in the name of a religious principle he does not accept is bloody fanaticism. To put all mankind to death in the name of a religious principle which a majority do not accept is something the name of which eludes me.

TO SUM up; the extermination of mankind is to be avoided at all costs. Nuclear weapons threaten to exterminate mankind. Conditional nuclear disarmament seems unobtainable. Nations must disarm unconditionally.

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FROM THE OTHER SHORE

ITEMS:—A survey among Polish students, conducted by the department of sociology of Warsaw University, disclosed that 22.7 per cent of the student members of the Communist Youth Union supported the Party line before the 20th Congress and precisely 2.7 per cent of them did so "with conviction" (*Nowa Kultura*, August 10th, 1958).... Arnold Zweig has been praised by the main speaker at the recent East German writers' conference, Johanna Rudolf, for re-writing a poem originally published in the 'twenties. It now has a new title, "Ballade on the Sputnik," and a new ending. Frau Rudolf concluded that "thirty years ago Zweig was not successful in showing satisfactorily the poetical perspective of the relation between consciousness and matter, between man and technology; the launching of the red star in the interstellar space permitted him to see dialectically the proper earthly perspective."... The second part of Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible* is now to be released. In 1946 the Central Committee of the Party accused Eisenstein that "in the second part of *Ivan the Terrible* he displayed his ignorance of historical facts by portraying the progressive army of the *oprichniki* as a band of degenerates similar to the American Ku Klux Klan, and Ivan the Terrible, a man of strong will and character, as a man of no will and little character, something like Hamlet. Eisenstein was compelled to admit in his *mea culpa* that he has "committed a misrepresentation of historical facts which made the film worthless and vicious in an ideological sense." The film remained banned and unfinished at the time of Eisenstein's death.... GEORGE BIDWELL, formerly on the staff of the British Council in Warsaw, and now an English expatriate, has published (in Polish) a book called *Half a Century of British Literature*. A Warsaw critic calls it "an irritating example of sectarianism" and deplores the fact that Bidwell "grants recognition not on the basis of literary merit but according to the political sympathies of the writers." Bidwell regards MacDiarmid and Sean O'Casey as the greatest British writers, attacks T. S. Eliot, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, and C. Day Lewis for their political attitudes, disregards Dylan Thomas almost completely, and calls the *New Statesman* "a so-called Left weekly."

*

THE "English revisionists of Marxism" are castigated in a long article in the Soviet journal *Oktiabr* (No. 8, 1958) for their revulsion against Stalinism, advocacy of "humanitarian socialism," and their tolerant attitude towards "modern art." The heresies of the *New Reasoner* and of the *Universities and Left Review* are analysed in great detail. Among those who excite particular displeasure is the art critic of the *New Statesman and Nation*, Mr. John Berger:

"John Berger also presented himself as an ardent defender of contemporary modernism.... He openly speaks about an alleged crisis of progressive art.... It is not difficult to divine what is the appeal of the officious apologist of modernism: he scolds the art of socialist realism and thereby gives himself away. It appears that Berger does not like the fighting art that calls the people to struggle for liberation from colonial slavery, from the chains of imperialism.... Realism seems to Berger to be not subtle enough to discover the 'whole complexity of life.' He opposes to realism the so-called contemporary, sometimes openly decadent, art, which allegedly is deeper and expresses more adequately the spirit of the epoch. In his other articles, John Berger insists on the subjectivist arbitrariness in art and comes forward as a propagandist of agnosticism. ...The British critics, who are faithful to Marxism, are still arguing with the revisionists with unnecessary and sometimes incomprehensible courtesy, as happened in the case of Berger (he is addressed as 'John' by Roy Watkins), or they pass over the revisionist publications altogether. They reproach and argue where a deep and highly fundamental analysis of the theoretical basis of these writings is necessary...."

*

POLISH writers have again been attacked in the Soviet press. A long article in *Zvezda* is almost a catalogue of their many heterodox sins. *Zvezda* is particularly incensed by their lack of recognition of the merits of the Soviet cultural scene:

"Some Polish theatrical workers are kowtowing before the decadent American theatre and have disowned Stanislavsky. Articles by Polish writers are full, not only of unrestrained admiration for the art of Broadway, but also of worship of the 'wealth and order reigning

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in the capitalist countries.' ... Polish translations are made and published of stories, novels, and books by Beckett, Ionesco, Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Sagan, not to mention such 'classics' as Joyce and Proust. The book market is flooded by works preaching the philosophy of gloom and hopelessness, of lack of faith in man, of anti-humanism denying human values.... Some Polish periodicals have even introduced three columns of reviews devoted to current films: those which it is necessary to see, those which can be seen, and those which can be disregarded. By a strange accident the films made in the Soviet Union and in the People's Democracies often fall into this last column, while the first two columns are devoted to Westerns and Western films on crime and pornography."

*

THE Chinese press is full of metaphysical analyses, recalling mediæval theological disputes, of whether a member of the bourgeoisie can "be born again" and "saved" by transforming himself into a member of the proletariat, thus "discarding the flesh and changing the skeleton." The Peking *Ta Kung Pao* has published the following dialogue:

"QUESTION: *In the present big forward-leap campaign for self-reform, industrialists and merchants in various places have enthusiastically put forward their pledges. One of the pledges given by Tientsin businessmen is called 'Giving hearts to the Party.' Why have they put forward this pledge?*

ANSWER: *This pledge put forward by industrialists and merchants is quite in conformity with the actual conditions, that is to say that they want resolutely to accept the Party leadership and follow the Chinese Communist Party, which is the central force leading our revolution and construction. Everybody knows that without the Party there would be no new China. However, the fact that the Party leads the people of the entire country to eliminate exploitation and classes and to build a socialist society is contrary to the nature of the bourgeoisie and against the wishes of the exploiting classes....*

QUESTION: *Since Liberation, industrialists and merchants have always supported the Party and accepted the Party leadership. Everybody says, 'I listen to Chairman Mao's words, follow the Communist Party, and tread the socialist road.' This question has been solved long ago. Why should they now put forward the pledge of 'giving hearts'?*

ANSWER: *It is not true that this question has been solved. It has not been solved. Of course, we do not deny that some industrialists and merchants have sincerely accepted the Party leadership, and have resolutely trodden the socialist road. However, before the anti-rightist struggle and the general rectification campaign were launched, most businessmen had not given up the capitalist standpoint and had been dissatisfied with the Party leadership. They had supported the Party in words but had opposed it in deeds.... We should not only listen to the words of a person, but also watch his actions. Accepting the Party leadership is not an empty slogan, but must be energetically put into practice. In the present big forward-leap campaign, many industrialists and merchants have put forward the slogan of 'giving hearts,' promising to give their hearts to the Party; this is an extremely important step on their part in their progress towards self-reform....*

QUESTION: *When industrialists and merchants give their hearts to the Party, what spirit does it reveal?*

ANSWER: *If the pledge of giving hearts to the Party is not only a verbal one but is implemented in practice, it will be a manifestation of businessmen's reform of their class-character, a transition from exploiters to workers.... If industrialists and merchants can give their hearts to the Party and wholeheartedly follow the Party, they will be really 'reborn' and change to the working class."*

*

AESOPIAN language has been always the lot of those writers who, in a revealing phrase of a young Polish author, "have mastered the art of acquiescence." A frank and open description of how to write and read texts "from the other shore" is given by a popular Polish columnist, J. Kisielewski (*Tygodnik Powszechny*, July 6th, 1958):

"*In our public, political, and intellectual life, in our organisations and newspapers, there exists a special figurative speech. It consists of the usage of certain turns of phrase.... All that is needed is a clue. Those who have guessed that clue are able to read public utterances as if they were an open book and thus learn a lot of things. It goes without saying that one has to read between the lines, to follow hidden ideas. And this reading between the lines is not illegitimate, on the contrary, the texts are construed in such a way that reading between the lines is the only way to grasp their meaning. To be able to follow the figurative speech one has to possess many years' training in reading it, one must have lived for years in milieus indulging in this form of speech, one must have lived for many years in our country. Those who cannot read our special language are as naïve as little children...*"

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LETTERS

"Seamarks"

In its editorial on Yves Bonnefoy's article, "Critics —English and French," *The Times Literary Supplement* spoke for a growing number of observers of contemporary literature in English:

Many people have been worried by the very fine poems which are far too simple to qualify for the crudest of Empsonian ambiguities, and, as M. Bonnefoy points out, French literature is particularly rich in examples. Such poems cannot be appreciated as either the sum or the product of their primary and secondary meanings. They depend on non-assignable associations within the reader.

A supreme example of such a poem in French has just now become accessible to readers of English in Saint-John Perse's *Seamarks* (*Amers*), and with minimal loss in Wallace Fowlie's admirable translation. Furthermore, its author, in a little-remarked letter to the editors of the *Berkeley Review* (Winter, 1956), characterises its poetics with unusual precision. In this letter and in the poem, readers of English have an unusual opportunity to examine both an alternative method of poetry and its highly successful embodiment in a work which bids fair to stand as a masterpiece of the 20th century.

In the letter, Perse anticipated difficulties readers of English would experience in confronting the poem:

The trouble is that the Anglo-Saxon mind has so long been accustomed to the discursive method of English poetry—a poetry of ideas, and thus of definition and elucidation, always explicit and logical, because rational in its origin, and by that fact given to the formal sequences of an intellectual and moral dialectic.

This is a sweeping challenge, perhaps too sweeping. But, at the very least, it merits examination.

Certainly, if one turns from an intensive reading of *Seamarks* to T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* (to take as an example what might seem one of the least discursive of recent major works in English), the difference of method is striking. In the main, the sequences of *Four Quartets are* intellectual and moral. The poem in both language and structure is almost always rationally explicable; in any case, the inexplicable residue is relatively small. *Seamarks*, though formal in structure, and explicit in movement, follows no rational course. Eliot himself pointed out the difference of method in the preface to his translation of Perse's earlier poem, *Anabasis*:

There is a logic of the imagination as well as a logic of concepts. People who do not appreciate poetry always find it difficult to distinguish between order and chaos in the arrangement of images; and even those who are capable of appreciating poetry cannot depend on first impressions. I was not convinced of Mr. Perse's imaginative order until I had read the poem five or six times.

The examination of Perse's challenge best proceeds from an analysis of his different and alternative poetics. His statement of them in the *Berkeley Review* letter may not yet have received the attention it deserves because it was only with the appearance of *Seamarks* that its precision could be fully appreciated and exemplified: it illuminates Perse's earlier work; but *Seamarks*, as will be seen, is an explicit exemplification of Perse's full mastery of his method.

Clearly, Perse's characterisation of French poetry in the *Berkeley Review* letter is a characterisation of his own: by contrast with English poetry,

Modern French poetry . . . feels it is not really poetry unless it merges with its living object in a live embrace, unless it informs the object entirely and even becomes a part of its very substance, to the point of complete identity and unity of subject and object, or poet and poem. Seeking to do much more than point out or designate, it actually becomes the thing which it "apprehends," which it evokes or calls forth. Going beyond any mimetic action, it finally is the thing itself, in that thing's own measure and rhythm: spaciously and at length when, for example, the sea or wind is concerned; tightly and suddenly where the lightning flash is concerned. Quite apart from the rôle played by the subconscious in the actual birth of the poem, this poetry in its search for all relevant materials, as well in the working out of its metrics, can boldly accept the imputation of being "esoteric," provided the meaning attached to the word is its etymological one: namely, a poetry taking its orders and set in motion from within.

Seamarks enables one to see the extent to which this final phrase, "set in motion *from within*," is the key to Perse's poetics. Unlike English poetry as he sees it, his is a poetry of movement:

No matter how concise it may be, English poetry still remains commentary and paraphrase. It pays court to and honours the idea with the full homage of song, but not of dance.

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Seamarks is all movement, in large part, dance. In structure an ode, not the personal utterance of Sappho in ancient times, or of Wordsworth, Shelley or Keats in English poetry, but rather, in Edmund Gosse's definition, an *ode proper*, "the choir song in which the poet spoke for himself, but always supported, or interpreted, by a chorus." *Seamarks* thus comprises an *Invocation*, in which the poet speaks *in propria persona*; a *Strophe* of nine divisions, each assigned to *dramatis personae*; a *Chorus*; and a *Dedication*, presumably, like the *Invocation*, *in propria persona*. Its purpose is explicitly stated in the *Invocation*:

Poetry to accompany the march of a recitation in honour of the Sea.
Poetry to assist the song of a march round the circuit of the Sea.
Like the ritual round the altar and the gravitation of the chorus in the circuit of the strophe.

Thus the main body of the poem, its *Strophe* and its *Chorus*, is all movement. Indeed, it is probable that for Perse poetry is conceived not as an idea but as movement.

Essentially, the movement of *Seamarks* is centripetal—certainly not centrifugal, as some have supposed: though its sweep is wide "in its search for all relevant materials," it sweeps all in to a concentration that gives the poem its extraordinary intensity. Again, Perse anticipates this misapprehension of his poetry on the part of readers of English in the *Berkeley Review* letter:

A misconception that is quite prevalent in American criticism tends to impute the abundance and flow of certain extensive French poetic elaborations to some sort of easy surrender to verbal amplifications, when in reality such elaborations involve more deletions than additions, and are still, when the work is viewed in its totality, simply the sum of the contradictions, omissions, and ellipses—density still remaining the safeguard of greatness against the danger of grandiloquence.

Thus Perse's poetry, rather than being extensive, is essentially elliptical: its great circlings are compressed, as T. S. Eliot shrewdly observed in his preface to *Anabasis*:

Any obscurity of the poem, on first reading, is due to the suppression of "links in the chain," of explanatory and connecting matter, and not to incoherence, or to love of cryptogram. The justification of such abbreviation of method is that the sequence of images coincides into one intense impression [in *Anabasis*] *of barbaric civilisation.*

Perse thus writes a great deal more than his final texts include. If, as he acknowledges, his poetry has its birth in his subconscious, *his* transitions are personal and hence not essential. What is essential are the points to which the transitions lead, the course they lay in "taking orders . . . *from within*," and what they "set in motion" on that course.

It is on these same orders from within that the words of the text derive their motion. Perse's poetry is not, as might first appear to readers of English, *vers libre*. Even when printed as apparent prose, it is closely rhythmed in six-, eight-, and ten-syllable groups, and even in alexandrines. Its metrics in French are so closely knit that one can readily imagine Perse adding or subtracting a single syllable to secure the perfection he attains. His verse is free, then, only in not adhering to any pre-set pattern. But its rhythmic integration is such that its smallest components have a relationship to the whole, similar, as Perse might say, to the relationship between the smallest estuary ripple and the largest deep-sea swell.

Properly subject to rational analysis though *Seamarks* may be in its structure, method, metrics, and style, it is boldly and unashamedly irrational in its origins, as the closing lines of its *Invocation* affirm:

And who are you then, O Sages, to reprove us, O Sages? If the fortune of the sea nourishes again, in its season, a great poem beyond reason, will you refuse me access to it? Land of my seigniory, there may I enter, having no shame at my pleasure . . . "Ah! let a Scribe approach, and I will dictate to him . . ." And who, then, born of man, would stand without offence, beside my joy?
—Those who, by birth, hold their knowing above knowledge.

Successful readers of the poem will come to *know through* it without *knowing* how. Its claimed accomplishment as a communication is explicitly stated by the *Chorus*, which supports and interprets the poet, in its final invocation of the sea:

At last we invoke you for yourself, outside the strophe of the Poet. May we no longer have, between the crowd and you, the unbearable radiance of language:

" . . . Ah! we had words for you and we did not have enough words,
And behold, love makes us one with the very object of these words,
And words for us they are no longer, being no longer signs or adornments,
But the thing itself which they signify and the thing itself they adorned;
Or better, reciting yourself, who are the recital, behold we become you, the recital,
And we are now you, who were to us the Irreconcilable: the very text and its substance and its sea movement,
And the very great robe of poetry with which we clothe ourselves . . ."
In you, who move, we move also, in you, living, we keep silence, and we live you at last, sea of alliance. . . .

In such poetry, then, it is claimed that words are a means to communication beyond reason, that the unbearable radiance of language is overcome.

Anglo-Saxon minds, "so long accustomed to the discursive method of English poetry," may well find such a claim incredible. The early American reviews of *Seamarks*, while invariably acknowledging it as undeniably a major work have almost as invariably expressed perplexity as to its "meaning." As the poem goes on to receive the more deliberate attention it should receive from British and Ameri-

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can critics, its effects on criticism will be interesting to observe. If the intentions of Perse's poetics are realised in it—and I for one am convinced that they are—adequate appreciation of it cannot develop in criticism restricted by the dictum that poetry "is substantially if not entirely a matter of communicated meanings." It could even be that *Seamarks*, apart from its poetic achievement—though because of it—will prove to be a major work in illuminating the shortcomings and limitations of the critical habits which now prevail in English.

JOHN MARSHALL

New York 14

Storm Over the Gentry

MR. PATRICK COLLINSON writes in your last issue that historians persistently conduct the controversy over the 17th-century gentry "in social terms and categories which the 17th century would not itself have owned." This is a point which has troubled me for many years [and I raised it some little time ago in a Third Programme broadcast discussion on the causes of the Civil War, with Professor Trevor Roper, Mr. Christopher Hill, and Mr. D. H. Pennington]. The term "class" in our sense did not come into use until two centuries later. Our forefathers of the Stuart Age did not think of a laterally stratified society as we do, but of an ordered hierarchy; men were not separated by class but connected by "degree." The importance of this hierarchy and of the degrees or steps in it is repeatedly shown by their very strong reactions to distinctions which we should think trivial: a gentleman compelled to appear bare-headed before his inferiors felt real embarrassment and dismay, and John Lilburne scorned to answer an indictment in which, to his great annoyance, he was described as a "yeoman" and not as "gentleman."

It is difficult to understand the thoughts of people—the thoughts behind their theories and their actions—until we can understand their language. It is a useful, though a difficult and sometimes disheartening exercise for the historian from time to time to experiment (not for publication) with the use of archaic language so as to acquire some idea of the habits of thought that its vocabulary and its grammar would impose upon those who used it.

Of course a state of society, like a state of mind or body, can exist long before a name is given to it. Appendicitis was no doubt a common cause of death in the 17th century though no one gave it that name. But the cases are not quite parallel, and though the division of society by class had in some sort already come into being, I believe we shall understand the ideas and problems of the time very much better if we use this modern term with caution, and give more weight in our historical elucidations to the words in common use at this time.

I have been studying the English Revolution for many years now and have learnt much from the statements and arguments of all sides—of all sides *then* engaged in it, and of all sides *now* engaged in it. Professor Hexter's trenchant article is welcome and valuable not because of any support it appears to give to the Whig theory (I wish that this side issue of anti- and pro-Whig theory could be dropped), but because it refreshingly suggests a return to a discussion of major issues. Greater certainty about the economic background would help us in understanding some aspects of the English Revolution, and all serious students of the epoch should be grateful for much new information and some new enlightenment arising from the present concentration in England on this kind of research. But surely these debates about the gentry are by now carrying their devotees too far away from the study and evaluation of other equally relevant facts. So deeply are they absorbed in theories about *why* things happened that they seem sometimes almost to overlook *what* things happened.

The achievement of the English Revolution in thought, in literature, and in politics was very impressive, even though some of it was temporary. American writers on the 17th century, Professor Notestein and his disciples, Professor Haller, and others do not lose sight of that. It would be a pity if we, in this country, were to lose sight of it altogether in wrangling over rent rolls and the incomes of the peerage.

C. V. WEDGWOOD

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"Cooking The News"

IN HIS rejoinder to Charles Curran's illuminating article "AOT in U.S.A.," Mr. J. A. Lukacs refers to a discussion of the problem of "cooking the news" in *England:1870–1914* (Clarendon Press) in which the historian, Sir Robert Ensor, cites the *Daily Mail* story of the Boxer Rebellion as an example. Ensor implies in his volume that the newspaper fabricated its version of that event.

Researching for the fully documented biography of Lord Northcliffe, which I have written in collaboration with Geoffrey Harmsworth, we have been to some trouble to get at the truth of the episode in question. The *Daily Mail* was misled by its correspondent in Shanghai, who had relied on local rumours. Northcliffe did all in his power to rectify the wrong impression given by the correspondent. He sent one of his London editors out to China by the first available ship to investigate. The cabled messages were submitted to the editor of *The Times*, who agreed that the *Daily Mail* had published them in good faith.

When the Northcliffe biography is published next year, the Clarendon Press may find it desirable to modify, if not expunge information which is at variance with the facts. The error has been perpetuated through several editions. It should now be corrected.

REGINALD POUND

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BOOKS

Freud's Influence

IN 1956, the centenary year of Freud's birth, every survivor who had known him wrote some reminiscences, every journal with any pretentions to intellectual interests carried an article about him, many American universities arranged special lectures about his influence. Dr. Benjamin Nelson, Professor of History and Social Science at Hofstra College, in Long Island, has had the idea of reprinting eleven of these fugitive pieces within hard covers, has had four other essays specially written for the volume,* and has unearthed four pages from the pen of Freud Himself (part of the preface to Theodor Reik's *Ritual*) which have so far escaped reprinting in any collection of the Master's writings, perhaps because they are not of any great interest.

The result is an extraordinarily mixed bag. The essays are divided into six parts: Mid-Century Perspectives (Alfred Kazin, Nigel Walker, Gregory Zilboorg); Men and Times (Sigmund Freud, Abram Kardiner, Victor von Weizsaeker); The Sciences of Mind and Health (Erik H. Erikson, Gardner Murphy); Society and Politics (Frederick J. Hacker, Will Herberg); Literature and the Arts (Stanley Edgar Hyman, E. H. Gombrich); Philosophy and Religion (Abraham Kaplan, Jacques Maritain, Reinhold Niebuhr, Jerome S. Bruner). It is really only the last section which is of any major interest or novelty, though there are three essays in the first twelve which are a pleasure to read, or re-read: Erik Erikson's "The First Psychoanalyst," a consideration of Freud's experiences during his friendship with Fliess, and his self-analysis; Gardner Murphy's systematic "Current Impact of Freud on American Psychology"; and E. H. Gombrich's "Psychoanalysis and the History of Art," with its amusing contrast between "cloying" and "crunchy" pictures. This last is, however, almost completely irrelevant in the present setting. Of the remainder, there is not very much to say; they vary from the minor personal reminiscence, through general, well-meaning waffling and phillipics against the American heretics (Horney, Fromm, Sullivan) to a really profoundly silly piece on Freud, Marx, and Kierkegaard by Frederick J. Hacker who is the Director of the Hacker Psychiatric Clinic, in Beverley Hills, California. It would probably be unfair to say that he had never read anything by Freud; but it can almost certainly be said that he has not understood what he has read.

With Jacques Maritain, it would (I should imagine) be true to say that he has not read anything by Freud himself, but versions filtered through the authorities he quotes—Dalbiez, Clarapède, Gressot, Odier, Penido, Nodet—and he certainly appears to have the oddest notions about the theory and practice of psycho-analysis. He thinks that analysands are "stretched out in semi-darkness," and that "for Freud ... there is no such thing as free choice. As for the functions of the intelligence, for him even the highest of them can be accomplished in the unconscious, along with the rest." These samples have been chosen because they are short, because even a slight knowledge of Freud's writings will show that they are blatantly inaccurate, and because they are not written in total gobbledy-gook. Dr. Maritain has been extremely unfortunate in his translator, a Dr. Bernard Gilligan of Fordham University, who seems to be equally ill at ease with French, English, the vocabulary of psycho-analysis and the vocabulary of Thomism, to such an extent that the careful reader without the French text has constantly to re-translate from the "English" into the probable French before he can guess at Dr. Maritain's meaning. Large sections of the

* *Freud and the Twentieth Century*. Edited by BENJAMIN NELSON. Allen and Unwin. 28s.

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essay as printed here are lacking in clarity and syntax; and however dubious Mr. Maritain's thought may be, his French is always impeccable.

In the present context his thought is very dubious indeed. He has set up an Aunt Sally of "Freudianism" which has only occasional connection with the writings of Freud or the practice of psycho-analysis and then knocks it down with the Revealed Truths of Thomism. Except perhaps as a guide to the faithful, such a game of intellectual skittles would seem of little value, even if it had been played with intellectual honesty, for it does not need very profound insight nor much knowledge to recognise that Freud's view of human nature is antithetical to that of St. Thomas on nearly every count; but the amount of distortion and just plain inaccuracy in this essay reflects most unflatteringly on the self-appointed interpreter of Thomist thought.

It is a relief to turn from M. Maritain's cloudy arrogance to the sombre clarity of Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr's essay, "Human Creativity and Self-Concern in Freud's Thought." He has deeply pondered the moral and philosophical implications of Freud's view of mankind as elaborated in his meta-psychological writings; although, like Dr. Maritain, he finally disagrees with Freud's thought, he knows what he is disagreeing with. Dr. Niebuhr criticises Freud for his ignoring of history, for his inadequate pessimism: "...any form of historical empiricism is superior to an empiricism which is too closely bound to 'nature'...the doctrine of original sin surveys a broader aspect of human nature and behaviour than the Freudian pessimism." Even if one does not accept Dr. Niebuhr's Protestant premises, it is a pleasure to follow the workings of a clear and logical mind.

For readers not concerned with theology, much the most important essay in this collection is Abraham Kaplan's "Freud and Modern Philosophy," in which he traces, with very great insight, the implications of Freud's thought for epistemology, æsthetics, ethics, social science, social philosophy, and religion. There is more matter in these twenty pages than in the remaining three hundred; it would be a pity if they were lost in the flotsam which surrounds them.

Taking the compilation *Freud and the Twentieth Century* as a whole, what is the most remarkable is its omissions. Chiefly by diluted influence, Freud has profoundly modified our (and particularly American) attitudes to children, child-rearing, and education, to the sick, the criminal, the insane. Because Freud lived and worked, the weak and the unhappy

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Geoffrey Gorer

Novels

Common People. By PHILIP CALLOW. Heinemann, 15s.

Parade in Pairs. By D. A. NICHOLAS JONES. Cape, 15s.

The Confession. By MARIO SOLDATI. Deutsch, 11s. 6d.

Justice of the Heart. By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. Collins, 15s.

The Sycamore Tree. By CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE. Secker and Warburg, 16s.

The Prospects are Pleasing. By HONOR TRACY. Methuen, 15s.

FROM an exceptionally competent and intelligent group of novels, one stands out: Philip Callow's *Common People*. This, you do not even stop to call competent or even intelligent, the point about it being that it is *alive*, the direct stuff of life, so direct it scarcely has the form of fiction, so present it is painful, so truthful it is cleansing, salutary, and exhilarating. The story, as a plot in the normal sense of the word, barely exists: the narrator simply talks of his Midland youth, his family, his apprenticeship in a factory, an escape to London, marriage, the birth of a child: moments and memories so intense, so brimful and concentrated that everything about them seems to have, not just a single meaning at the time, but layer on subterranean layer of past and even future meanings, all linked by a strange metaphorical sense of the unity of what are generally thought quite dissimilar things: feeling and colour, say, sound and ideas, memory, instinct, wonder, physical objects—even jokes, or the oddments of haphazard experience: pointless scraps of conversation overheard, strangers passing, weather, moods. To Mr. Callow, life has, as it were, no "slang" and no "literature," as separate entities, about it, no highbrow or lowbrow experiences: he combines everything, "connects" in Mr. Forster's sense of the word: moments of intuition—unquotable, for such things cannot be reduced and docketed—with moments of sharp observation, easily quoted, like: "A shy, dreamy man, still young, he would rake through his hair with long, lean fingers, yawning. The yawn ended in a smile at my mother. She was ready to nag him, and he invited her." The early chapters are mostly observation: reminiscences of family life, detailed, affectionate, but never pious or sentimental; warm but never lapsing into false cosiness. The rest of the book is concerned with action: the narrow, physical action of events, and the young man's inner development, with an unsettled ending, poised on the tip of a new world, and of spring: hopeful, fearful, at once happy and wretched—a mood and a moment, like the others that make up this remarkable novel. Like Dostoevsky, Mr. Callow has a strange knowledge of the way things can be true at particular moments, and the way a truth may be rounded and perfect just then, in that one instant or flash of understanding, and may never recur again.

From this to another young man's novel, *Parade in Pairs*, a first novel and what you might call a symptomatic one, where *Common People* is a second novel, and symptomatic of nothing in the sense that it would seem to have no likely followers and no direct antecedents. Where in Philip Callow you recognise the voice of a man and an individual, speaking from the heart about things of human importance, in Mr. Jones (who is imitative to the point of parody) you find no one voice, but a mixture of echoes. Amis, Wain, and Braine are mentioned in the

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blurb, but they are far too vital and solid for comparison with this anæmic novel, whose main preoccupation is the minute (and, which makes it pointless, often inaccurate) dissection of social differences. Mr. Jones is obsessed with the "barriers"—social, racial, intellectual, sexual—behind which people lurk, "insiders" or "outsiders." Elsewhere he has written that, had it not been for Colin Wilson, he would have called his book "The Outsiders." Some of the satire is sinister in effect, if not in intention. A sympathetically observed eccentric, showing up the stupidity of the central character, Dennis, talks of "trying honest soldiers for 'war crimes,'" and when Dennis protests that there were such things, retorts: "That's better! That's the way an Englishman should talk! The Germans didn't play the straight bat." "I'm afraid my views are considered rather fascist," says this charming poet. I'm afraid so, yes.

Mario Soldati's *The Confession* has the same irresistible, unputdownable quality of his *Capri Letters*; the same shrewd, bright, vivid edge of worldliness, half-way between cynicism and irony. And, as in the earlier book too, you cannot quite tell where his central sympathy lies, whether he is smiling at or with this or that character, how angry or how tolerant he is being about this or that situation. *The Confession* is a neat tale, observed with the sort of minuteness that at moments seems photographic and even glossy, about a boy at a Jesuit school, tormented with the desires of adolescence and so successfully warned off women by his confessor that he takes, only too naturally and innocently, to homosexuality. The structural flaw in this seems to be that, since Catholic educators are only too well aware of the repercussions of "special friendships," it seems unlikely that everyone would have urged Clemente into solitary games with a boy his own age. But the sting is there, aimed with what looks like a deadly exactness, because the psychological detail of the child's religiosity is so precisely, even painfully true. Raymond Rosenthal's translation, though often subtle and vivid, keeps pulling one up against false-sounding, because unusable, phrases: the translator has failed to learn the technical jargon. A few examples: Catholics do not speak of "taking" communion but of "going to" communion; confession is not called "holy confession," and the prayers after it are called "penance," not "penitence"; the priest's everyday dress is a cassock, not a tunic, and at Mass he wears a girdle, not a cincture; he receives the sacrament of "holy orders," not "sacred order"; the consecrated host is called the "blessed," not the "holy," sacrament; the word Archpriest is not familiar English usage; and so on.

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sional women novelists: none of them in her best form, but all at a satisfactorily high level of intelligence and polish. E. Arnot Robertson, blandly, unobtrusively accurate, so that everything she touches is made immediately, yet unsurprisingly, recognisable: places, moods, faces, voices, in *Justice of the Heart* takes her journalistic heroine Louise about the place from Cambridge to Morocco to Holland and finally to Zanzibar, involving her in credible (not fussy and fictional-sounding) moral dilemmas and in a love affair carried on (mostly by correspondence and misunderstanding) with a Dutchman whose accent is caught to perfection. A cool book, in more senses than one, and in the best sense a feminine one, combining astringency with kindness.

The Sycamore Tree, if I may mix my arborial metaphor a bit, is a trim piece of topiary, elegantly shaped, without loose ends or untidyness, and almost alarmingly accomplished. Like so many current novels, it is concerned as much with the code of a particular class, place, profession, way of life, and so on, as with the individual problems of its characters; and it classifies people (often with disconcerting subtlety) into their social pigeon-holes as Higgins filed away accents, topographically. Young-married literary intellectuals in Chelsea: there you have them; and their clothes, speech, manners, views, and voices are set down in an ingenious tale involving finally—and with a rather abrupt feeling of intrusion—madness and murder: all amusingly and recognisably treated, yet I have a feeling that young-married literary intellectual Chelsea (like Greenwich Village or the Rive Gauche or Oxford in the 'twenties) has been rather overworked, simply because so many of its inhabitants write novels.

Honor Tracy's vigorous, racy tone is the most refreshing thing about the sadly unfunny state of fiction these days. *The Prospects are Pleasing* is not up to that masterpiece of high-spirited nose-thumbing, *The Straight and Narrow Path*, but then art critics and patriots are not such glorious Aunt Sallies as clerics and bonfire-leaping nuns. The joke this time involves the patriotic pinching of a painting (one from the "goat" period of that great Spanish master Afrodisio Lafuente y Chaos) wrongfully hung in a London gallery and destined now for the new Temple of Art near Dublin Airport which (if ever finished) is to rival the Prado itself. Miss Tracy's tough humour is probably best appreciated by those who have some personal, and not merely whimsical or affectionate, knowledge of Ireland and its little ways; for there was never anyone less Oirishly-minded, praise heaven, and with the greatest equanimity she demolishes every stage-Irish notion the outside world or the Irish themselves may have been harbouring: like Annie Oakley taking pot-shots at clay pigeons, without even bothering to turn her head.

Isabel Quigly

Society seen through Statistics

A Survey of Social Conditions in England and Wales. As illustrated by Statistics. By A. M. Carr-Saunders, D. Caradog Jones, and C. A. Moser. Oxford University Press. 25s.

This book is a compendium of social statistics. It is not a work of sociology, since it does not seek to explain or analyse social problems. It aims to present a coherent and objective picture of the more important aspects of our social life, in so far as these can be illustrated by statistics. It achieves this aim most creditably, being accurate, thorough, and reasonably well-written. But, covering as it does so much descriptive ground, and inevitably lacking a central unifying theme, it cannot easily be reviewed in a conventional manner. The most useful approach may therefore be to give a picture in miniature at once of the sort of information provided in the book, and the sort of society which we in England and Wales now have.

We are an older and less active population; old people of pensionable age constitute 14 per cent of the total compared with 9 per cent before the war. Our average expectation of life has risen from 41 a century ago to 70 to-day; this is less because the old are living longer—the 65-year-old man has only a marginally higher expectation of life—than because far fewer people die when young. Women are still unfairly treated by the fates; although more boys are born than girls, the former are so much less resistant to the wear and tear of life that women outnumber men by over 1½ million. Women on the average live six years longer than men; and there are three times as many widows as widowers. People now marry both earlier (the most common age has fallen from 24 for men and 23 for women, in 1931, to 23 and 21 respectively), and more frequently; as a result, the chances of becoming a confirmed bachelor of over 50 have sunk to 8 per cent.

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population. There are signs of a slight upward increase in average family size; but families still decline in size as one moves up the social scale.

Some 80 per cent of the population live in urban areas, compared with 50 per cent a century ago; and 40 per cent now live in the six great conurbations of Greater London, Birmingham, Leeds–Bradford, Manchester, Liverpool, and Newcastle. Although overcrowding in the old sense of high room-density has largely disappeared, there are still 1½ million households sharing domestic accommodation; a high proportion of these are families living with their in-laws—usually, no doubt, involuntarily. For all the improvement in housing standards, one-third of all households are still without a fixed bath, and a million without a water closet.

All children, of course, now attend school up to the age of 15; but the proportion who continue their education full-time above that age, although 2½ times as high as in 1921, is still only 15 per cent. Ninety-two per cent of secondary school children attend a state or grant-aided school, the remainder various kinds of independent school; only 1 per cent of boys go to the 20 best-known public schools. The children of unskilled manual workers are still heavily under-represented in the grammar schools; and they perform conspicuously worse once there. Sons of manual workers constitute 26 per cent of men admitted to all English Universities, but at Oxford and Cambridge only 13 per cent and 9 per cent respectively. The proportion of assisted University students has risen from 38 per cent before the war to 77 per cent to-day.

The highest proportion of firsts amongst graduate entrants into a profession is claimed, as one might expect, by University teaching; the civil service comes high on the list, as does industry; but law, for a so-called learned profession, comes exceedingly low, and the Church comes bottom equal with commerce. Generally, the importance attached to degrees, certificates, and awards has enormously increased; thus competence (in some sense) now plays a larger, and chance or influence or family background a smaller, part in determining careers. We therefore find, as we should expect, a considerable degree of vertical social and occupational mobility. If the population is arranged in a hierarchy of seven "occupational-status groups," 39 per cent of fathers in the highest group fall to a lower grade, while 73 per cent of sons of fathers in the lowest grade rise out of it.

Upward movement into individual high-status professions is also marked. Of a sample of industrial managers (excluding directors), over half had been to an elementary or secondary modern school, 28 per cent to a grammar school, only 19 per cent to a public school; while more than half those whose first jobs had been in industry started as manual workers. Of civil servants above the rank of assistant secretary, 6 per cent were sons of manual workers in 1929, 9 per cent in 1939, and 15 per cent in 1950; in the latter years, only 29 per cent were sons of fathers in the highest of five "social classes." The bench of bishops remains somewhat immune to social change; while as a matter of free choice fewer working-class children now become teachers. But generally we are moving towards Mr. Michael Young's mobile, meritocratic society.

There has been, in Britain as elsewhere, a relative decline in the numbers of people actually producing things, and a relative increase in the professional, technical, and clerical occupations. (Though the increase is by no means uniform, few of the higher professions have increased their numbers significantly; and the census shows a decline in the number of clergymen, priests, dentists, itinerant preachers, and female accountants.) But we are still some way from the position in the United States, where "blue-collared" workers are now reckoned at less than half the population. A crude division of the male population shows 22 per cent of salary earners and 78 per cent of wage earners; a

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slightly more refined division gives 7 per cent of agricultural employment, 26 per cent non-agricultural non-manual, 64 per cent non-agricultural manual, and 3 per cent armed forces.

Incomes are much more equally distributed than they were before the war. Even before tax, some 10 per cent of total personal income has been transferred from property income (the share of which has been halved) to wages and salaries. The highest 100,000 incomes, which pre-war took 11 per cent of total pre-tax income, now take 5 per cent, and the top million incomes 14 per cent instead of 27 per cent. Over the same period, the purchasing power of the top 100,000 incomes has been halved; even that of the top million incomes is lower; but as one moves down the *tranches* of income, there is a steadily rising gain in purchasing power. If taxation is taken into account, the redistribution is still more marked.

Private property, on the other hand, is still most unequally distributed; and there has been little change since before the war. Some 1½ per cent of property owners, with £10,000 or more each, share 54 per cent of all private property; 64 per cent of owners with less than £100 each share 3 per cent; nearly half the country's households have net assets of under £50. The City press might note that only 4 per cent of households own stocks and shares worth over £100.

Full employment and economic growth have produced a notable rise in average standards of consumption. The biggest spending increases have been on travel, entertainments, durable and other household goods, and private motoring; on the other hand there have been relative falls in domestic service, insurance service, and alcohol. (Britons have shown a persistent tendency for fifty years to smoke more and drink less; only one-third of men, and a negligible percentage of women, have a drink more often than once a week.) Contrary to popular belief, the proportion of income spent on food is higher than before the war, though there has been a marked shift towards the more expensive foods.

Yet for all the higher standards, some disturbing gaps remain. Malnutrition is a thing of the past for the great majority of the population; but it still persists amongst large working-class families. Health standards have enormously improved; but infant mortality is still twice as high at the bottom end of the social scale as at the top. The social services have eliminated the bulk of pre-war primary poverty; but distress is still widespread amongst the old. And, if we are making comparisons with (say) America, only 10 per cent of households own a car, 8 per cent a washing-machine, and 4 per cent a refrigerator.

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in this book. We learn, for example, that there are three times as many women veterinary surgeons as there were in 1931; that we eat 22 per cent less fish than we did before the war; that more deaths of children under 15 are caused by accidents in the home than by any one infectious disease; that mortality from stomach ulcers increases as one goes down, not up, the social scale; that in only one denomination, the Unitarian, has there been a decrease in the number of places of worship over the last century; and that the peak age for being found guilty of indictable crimes is (incredibly) 14 for both sexes.

C. A. R. Crosland

Singing and Speaking

Excursus in Autumn. By JOHN SMITH. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

The Dual Site. By MICHAEL HAMBURGER. Routledge & Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

One Landscape Still. By PATRICK MACDONAGH. Secker & Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Another September. By THOMAS KINSELLA. Dolmen Press. 10s. 6d.

The Stone Angel and the Stone Man. By FRANCES BELLERBY. Ted Williams, Plymouth. 10s. 6d.

The Two Freedoms. By JON SILKIN. Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.

View Points. By JULIAN COOPER. St. George's Gallery. 5s.

To Whom It May Concern. By ALAN ROSS. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

New and Selected Poems. By KENNETH FEARING. Indiana University Press. $3.95.

The Triumph of the Muse. By JOHN HEATH-STUBBS. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

A GOOD dichotomy is always welcome: and T. S. Eliot's, between verse that sings and verse that speaks, comes handy to a poetry reviewer.

It is the verse that speaks which shows the most lasting effects of the modern poetic revolution. One can classify it as imagistic—in the sense that it stresses the image (including the visual and, in the literal sense, the superficial) rather than rhythm, sound structure, and recurrent form. The verse that speaks, then, paints, describes, analyses, can be metaphysical, witty, and therefore dramatic, mostly walks, and tends to be "free."

This does not bar cross-breeding with verse that sings. T. S. Eliot, for instance, is interested in both sorts and has evolved complex and subtle rhythms. But with Ezra Pound, one would say, rhythmic interest is at most secondary.

No one, however, ought to force the association of the rhythmic and the traditional: those who attack modern poetry (while disliking the noise that poetry makes anyway) do just this.

Even while holding that a return to singing is about due, one should be careful not to underrate what the "speakers" have learnt from "Imagism" (in the wide sense I have indicated). Those poets who have come back to fairly regular form have certainly been helped to purge themselves of their "chevilles" or padding. I suspect that the purely technical conscience of poets nowadays is higher than it has ever been.

On these grounds, I think that Richard Church should not blow John Smith's trumpet too hard, for his "handling of formal measures, internal command of rhythm, and strict verse discipline." Stanzaic verse always reads better if you can feel (Dryden's recommendation) that the rhyme came first. With Mr. Smith, unquestionably writing about something, the concepts come first: and the feet (belonging to a rather flaccid body) are sometimes stretched till they meet the end of the bed. And in the title-poem there is some extraordinary churning on the rhyme "learning," "burning," and "turning." Whatever the blurb says, Mr. Smith seems to be able to combine the "traditional" with the obscure: for I suppose meaninglessness is obscure.

Mr. Michael Hamburger, on the other hand, in *The Dual Site*, uses regular and semi-regular forms, some close to traditional, some invented, with great skill and obvious enjoyment. He gives the impression that these are the forms in which he actually feels. If there is something tentative, rather than lyrically intense, about his poems, the level is high. The tone—not the style—suggests to me something passing over from Augustan to Romantic, a little like Collins at his best.

The two Irish poets could hardly be more different. Mr. MacDonagh is not only a singer but a recognisably Irish one. A soft green climate and a rounded tone (I don't mean anything to do with the Celtic twilight, the scenery is all of this earth) are in these poems and the angularities of the stepmother country are very far away. I very much enjoyed the long poem "Escape to Love."

Mr. Kinsella does not claim to be first and foremost an Irish poet, more significantly not even an Anglo-Irish one. He is not chiefly concerned with what I have vaguely lumped together as singing although he enjoys formality and uses it well. But he seems to me to have, at least potentially, all the gifts of a "speaking"

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'Let me say at once that I admire this book. I found it profound, moving and animated by a spirit of humanity which does its author honour.'

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poet, sharp imagery, wit, intellectual depth. He is an exciting as well as a skilful poet, but the excitement comes gradually—generally after two or three readings. I do not mean that he is cerebral, only that the excitement comes from realising coherence. This sense and delivery of the whole, even in short poems, makes him difficult to quote. But for those who buy his book —I hope many—let me mention "Test-Case," "The Travelling Companion," "Midsummer," and "Baggot Street Deserta."

One might carry the dichotomy further and sub-divide poets into those of the inner and the outer voice, Mr. Jon Silkin, another interesting poet, is trying to strike a balance between them, but, to me at least, seems at present most successful with the internal voice. "The Return" is a particularly lovely poem.

It may well be that the public voice will be mastered. "The Victims," for instance, which combines both voices, is a good poem, and also reads well aloud.

I enjoyed a great many of Miss Frances Bellerby's poems, even if I cannot claim to understand her general attitude. This is not because her world is wholly religious, for I can feel considerable sympathy with her "emblematic" (as opposed to symbolic) expression. I mean by this that when she uses, as often, the living creature, the hare, the mole, its life and activity is never lost in the religious significance: the two creations always run parallel. But hers is a poetry which can only be classified by negatives —she is not interested in wit, imagery, rhythm, for their own sakes. This is not adverse criticism —I am only trying to classify a kind of austerity which works out in aid of verbal economy. She goes her own way within chosen limits, and is all the more worth reading.

The remaining three poets all come under the heading of "speakers." Mr. Julian Cooper has a fine (and one would almost think, beady) eye. He gives a feeling of intentional lightness, as if he were practising flitting before flying.

Poetic journalism has its place and Mr. Alan Ross is good at it. He always stays on the surface wherever he is, and he is ubiquitous. If male critics were not always making this most boring of dichotomies, I would never mention a poet's sex. But Mr. Ross's strikes me as a wholly masculine world—not only, that is, an exclusive world, but selecting things to be exclusive about, like cricket and ward-rooms. (Quite lively to train one's binoculars upon!) And all the love-poems seem to take place in bed which also counts as on the surface.

Mr. Kenneth Fearing is another readable poetic journalist. His poems are short free-verse megalopolitan dramas. In an interesting preface he criticises the mass-communicators and their mounting interference with creative processes but, admittedly too, has learnt from them. As he is a non-migrant American, one has to think more about Walt Whitman than Ezra Pound: but Whitman could still "sing" democracy. Mr. Fearing savagely and toughly atomises it.

Mr. Heath-Stubbs will not use the "argot of the age," except for purposes of "rage." This means, I suppose, sticking to polite or "poetic" diction (in effect, denying not only the last but any poetic revolution)—for they are generally doing the same thing, that is, throwing out any kind of "poetic" formula and trying to get close to the object again, and what feels like speech.

Mr. Heath-Stubbs exercises himself with moderate nimbleness in various verse-forms—some translations from the Greek anthology—and a long set of cantos in *terza rima, The Triumph of the Muse*, which are certainly much more like Sayers than Dante, and in which the triumph of Mr. Heath-Stubbs over his rivals is more obvious than that of the Muse. I don't know whom or what he is in a "rage" with, or why. It is on the whole a disappointing volume when compared to his previous work. It would be nice to suppose that this is a "technical phase." But if it is, why not invent some new verse-techniques? There is too much of the exercise-book about this lot.

Kathleen Nott

The Rejected

Memoirs of a Public Baby. By PHILIP O'CONNOR. *Faber & Faber*. 18s.

PHILIP O'CONNOR is a child of our society, but we have no right to be proud of him, not even as one might be proud of Blake. What the public gave him was what you might expect: insecurity and poverty during childhood, aggravations to an already over-sensitive adolescence, and lastly, reader, you and me. This is the self-portrait of a public baby who grew up to reject society. In a style that moves with an impressive awkwardness, the people and situations of the writer's life are illuminated one after another. The process is vigorous, perceptive, and rather anti-social. It records more conflicts than it reveals conclusions.

Of course the central issue was prejudged; rejection of the world was implicit in Philip O'Connor's life from the beginning. Since then he has been a Communist, a tramp, and various sorts of poet. His sexual life has been unusual and he has had no family life in the normal

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sense. He has suffered madness and treatment for madness. To him the natural virtues have not seemed natural, and that force in him which carried him to extremes prevented his ever settling down there. His sanity and self-knowledge, farmed from this appalling soil, are in the end his only riches.

Why should the sum of strangeness and of rejections and destructions that he sets before one be so impressive? His instinctive rejection of the world and his laborious construction of private ways of life have a shadow of grace about them, a sort of integrity which very few people's self-portraits would have. He has an earthy truth to the moment and to self-knowledge that makes the picture precious, and the grotesque scenery of his life, the tramping and the awful lodgings and the Communism, gain a dignity from being its background.

This dignity has its roots not merely in art, but perhaps in life as well. The rejection of our society has its dignity, certainly, and may prick many of our consciences. But where the virtue ends and madness begins is very hard to determine. Philip O'Connor fits into no category. One might see him as an uprooted Irish intellectual, or squatting in an early poem of Eliot, *vêtu d'une peau de girafe*, but neither rôle is his. His being outside our society puts him outside our categories. The unity of the self-portrait exists in an empirical quality in this analysis of people and of situations, and in an earthiness which seems an apocalyptic symbol of honesty.

The book is sometimes extremely funny (particularly about one of the schools) and it has a Rabelaisian force of phrase. One's head rings with the physical immediacy of it all, the shameless eaters at Wimereux, the nuns putting children into a coal-cellar, the crash of urine in a bucket, the flesh of schoolmasters like old pastry ("the whole of them ... was steam escaping, taps dripping, it gave madness through monotony and the crown of its dullness was its power"). The feeling that this is what the world consists of is a sort of nightmare, but a cathartic one. This is a life outside society and if it were possible outside religion, but habitable, even enviable in a way and superior to ours. What we envy and look up to is not the strange deep experiences the sharing in which is what makes each page interesting, but the nearness of the writer to his own magnetic north, and his experience of self-knowledge as if it were an orange held in his hand, the art to construct a portrait of himself holding it.

The prose is full of beauties and felicities, the most memorable of which to me was the reference to an uncle who "was a 'character,' one who expresses some lost meaning in symbolic ways; the beauty, almost the intellectual beauty, of his face and long lean scholar's body were a tomb to the departed meaning." This is in a way not typical, but it does show something of the delicacy of meditation and the love of which this usually empirical and anti-social writer is capable. Perhaps this is what makes of implacable rejection a symbol that immensely overtops us and transforms the livid lights of these memoirs into a powerful light in the mind. At any rate it makes an extraordinary book. It reads like an account of the labyrinth by an inspired minotaur, but a labyrinth created by our society, and a minotaur who was its baby.

Peter Levi, S. J.

The Importance of Not Being Earnest

The Comic Tradition in America. An anthology edited by KENNETH S. LYNN. Gollancz. 21s.

WHEN an artist examines man as a moral being, we get a tragic or a satiric work; but when man is discussed primarily as a social animal, the end-product is humour. Because the different customs and postulates of different human societies are like climate and subsoil to the comic and may vacillate extravagantly according to the race and historical period, humour is a very delicate plum and won't keep; it loses its bloom and subtler essence when transported or preserved. I question whether any American is amused by *The Diary of a Nobody* to its last off-beat; conversely, any Englishman by its transatlantic equivalent. Tragedy, because the moral laws (as distinct from codes and customs) so far as they may be perceived or understood do not change, is universal; but humour (not wit or satire) is local and works its keenest edge in a closed circle of reference; e.g., family jokes, incomprehensible to anyone outside a group of perhaps no more than five intimates, produce infinitely the most intense amusement.

It is its very dependence upon the intimately familiar that makes humorous writing so important an element in the emergence of American literature. When, in the early 19th century, earnest American authors were failing to lay the basis of an American literature within their refined, laborious, pseudopod mock-ups from English models, its real foundations were being silently laid by regional American humorists like Seba Smith. Because humour operates in a local and contemporary frame they turned for their

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material and vocabulary to the local and to the vernacular, and so of course produced a prose whose rhythm was not only not a paste-faced imitation English but a vigorous, wholly native American. The great (and perhaps intended) merit of Mr. Kenneth S. Lynn's admirable anthology of American humour is that it enables this process to be clearly traced. And yet, though the extracts in it range from Benjamin Franklin to the meditations of Mr. Dooley, Mr. Lynn did not set out to make one of those historical anthologies which include so much dullness for the sake of representativeness or historical significance. Thus we are spared, thank God, the miasmic facetiæ of the orthographic humorists, the Artemus Wards, the Orpheus C. Kerrs, and that dimmest of comics, the one so beloved of Abraham Lincoln that he offered to exchange his Presidency for the genius of—Petroleum V. Nasby! Even O. Henry is out; N. P. Willis and Max Adeler are absent too, though some may regret the first and the last didn't scrape in. But in exchange there are long extracts from the extraordinarily interesting American regional humorists of the early 19th century—Seba Smith, Johnson J. Hooper, T. B. Thorpe, and George W. Harris, unknowns whose quality will surprise English readers.

Benjamin Franklin, Washington Irving, Poe, Joel Chandler Harris, Herman Melville (you didn't think Melville was a comic writer, no?), Mark Twain, and Henry James (the latter with that exquisitely sophisticated piece, *The Point of View*), provide the "names" and most of the icing that goes with the cake. One of the Mark Twain pieces, *Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses*, was quite new to me. If you want a specimen of gay but wholly murderous debunking, done with an abandon that conceals the ruthless intent and precision of a really constructive piece of criticism, I could recommend buying the book for just that alone.

David Wright

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About Our Authors

With this issue, Mr. Irving Kristol announces his resignation as co-editor of Encounter. He is returning to New York to become Editor of The Reporter, and he carries with him our very best wishes.

Mr. Melvin J. Lasky, whose name is familiar to readers of this magazine, will be the new co-editor with Mr. Stephen Spender.

Robert Neville writes of himself: "Born in 1905 in Oklahoma (then Indian Territory). Started journalistic career as combination printer's devil-reporter on the *Campbell County Record* of Gillette, Wyoming, where I worked while going to high school. Went subsequently to the University of California and then to Columbia University. Worked briefly on the *New York Times* and then for eight years on the *New York Herald Tribune*. One of the dark features of my career was to have been the *Herald Tribune*'s bridge expert and writer for three or four years. (Still play what I think is good game of bridge.) Joined *Time* as that magazine's first roving correspondent in 1937, covering mainly Near East and India. Became foreign news editor in 1939. Was editor and then officer in charge of Mediterranean edition of *Stars and Stripes* during the war, after which returned to *Time* and *Life*, holding down jobs as bureau chief in India, Argentina, Hong Kong, Italy, and Turkey. Left *Time* and *Life* late 1957 with intention of trying to disprove generally accepted thesis that only young can do creative writing. Partly because I married a Roman but mainly because I find the peace and intellectual climate of Italy to my liking, I have settled down for the time being in Rome."

Roy Lewis is co-author (with Angus Maude) of two social studies. *The English Middle Classes* (1949) and *Professional People* (1952).... Rosemary Stewart is director of the Acton Society, an independent organisation for social research. She is the author of *Management Succession*, published by the Society. The article in this month's Encounter makes use of material that will appear in *The Boss: The Life and Times of the Business Man*, to be published shortly by Phoenix House, Ltd.... F. R. Allemann is a prominent Swiss journalist who has just returned from the Middle East.... George Steiner's book, *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky: An Essay in the Old Criticism*, will be published early in the New Year.... Victor Anant's novel, *The Revolving Man*, from which his story of the same title in this issue is excerpted, will be published shortly by MacGibbon & Kee.... Daniel Bell, until recently Labour Editor of *Fortune* magazine, is now associate professor of sociology at Columbia University in New York. In his article in this month's Encounter he makes use of material drawn from an earlier report in *Fortune*.

Dr. Zhivago, Boris Pasternak's novel, which Stuart Hampshire writes about in this issue, is published by Collins and Harvill Press at 21s.

The editorial and business offices of Encounter are at 25 Haymarket London S.W.1. MSS. should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupon, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details please see page 1.

Encounter is published by Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd., 7 John Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.1

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